

N^o 21

A fascinating serial by Matthew White, Jr.,
entitled "A Young Bread Winner," will be
commenced in the next number.

5 CENTS

ARMY AND NAVY

A Weekly Publication for Our Boys

ROMANCE SPORTS ADVENTURE



"SHED THAT BLOUSE OF YOURS, JUDSON," EXCLAIMED CLIF PEREMPTORILY.
(From "A Waif of the Sea," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.)

STREET & SMITH

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CAVALRY DRILL,

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

Cavalry drill is a part of the course in each of the three last years at the West Point Military Academy. The yearlings or third classmen always hail the day when they begin cavalry drill. It is the nature of most lads to love to ride a horse, and when the time at last arrives for the West Point cadet to commence his practice, he is very happy indeed. His first lesson is a disappointment, however. He imagines, when the word is passed for the class to march to the riding school, that he will be permitted to mount and gallop away. Far from it.

The platoon is marched into the Hall where a long line of horses, unsaddled, is found assembled. The animals are held by cavalry soldiers while the cadets are instructed in mounting and dismounting, using only a folded blanket. The first lesson is devoted entirely to instructions, and it is not until the following day that the eager yearling is permitted to ride, and then only for a few minutes at a walk. As the days pass the speed is increased, until at last the happy yearling finds himself galloping across the Plain in regular cavalry formation. The West Point cadet, in his last year at the academy, is a daring rider, and the feats of horsemanship performed by the corps would put to shame the average cow-boy.

ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

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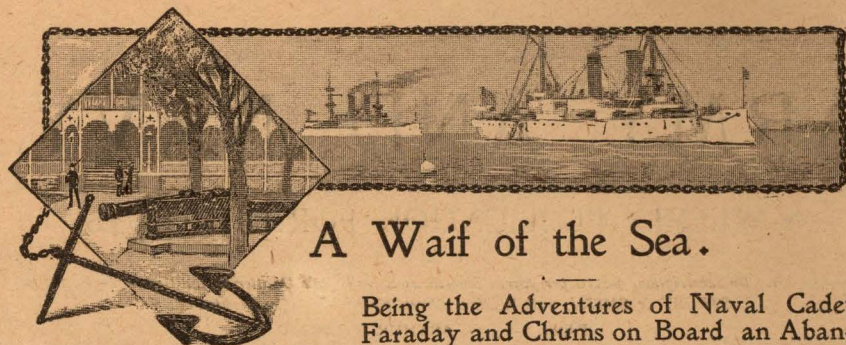
CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

	PAGE.
A Waif of the Sea (Complete story), Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.	962
Mark Mallory's Defiance (Complete story), Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.	973
To the Rescue (Illustrated Short Story) George P. Hoyt	985
In Forbidden Nepal (Serial), William Murray Graydon	988
Dean Dunham (Serial) Horatio Alger, Jr.	992
Tom Fenwick's Fortune (Serial), Frank H. Converse	995
The Passage of the Surf (Sketch) Harold Bindloss	998
Rules and Regulations of the United States Military Academy (Part III.)	1000
Rules and Regulations of the United States Naval Academy (Part III.)	1000
A Dip in the Dead Sea	1001
Result of Prize Contest	1001
Editorial Chat, Department	1002
Athletic Sports, Department	1003
Items of Interest all the World Over Department	1004
Correspondence Column, Department	1005
Stamps Column, Department	1005
Amateur Journalism Department	1006
Our Joke Department	1007

PRIZE CONTEST.

POCKET MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS!

THE publishers of the ARMY AND NAVY are desirous of obtaining the opinions of their readers on the military and naval cadet stories now running, and for that purpose offer the following prizes for the best letters on the subject. TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS divided into FIVE PRIZES of FIVE DOLLARS EACH will be given for the five most sensible opinions as to which is the best written, and most interesting story of the ten to be published in Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 of the ARMY AND NAVY. Letters should not exceed two hundred words in length. The contest will close December 1st, 1897. Address all letters to "CRITICISM CONTEST," ARMY AND NAVY, STREET & SMITH, 238 William Street, New York.



A Waif of the Sea.

Being the Adventures of Naval Cadet Faraday and Chums on Board an Abandoned Torpedo Boat.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH CLIF AND HIS CHUMS ARE INTRODUCED.

A strange scene would have met the eyes of any spectator chancing to be in the vicinity of a certain spot some three hundred miles due westward from Lisbon, Portugal, on the fifteenth of June, 189—.

The theatre of the scene was a broad expanse of ocean glowing under the warm rays of a sun set in a cloudless sky.

The whole stretch of sea was untenanted save by two objects. One of these was a peculiarly shaped hull, evidently constructed of steel or iron, and guiltless of deck or deck-house. Both bow and stern were sharp, and the sides sloped up from the edge of the waater until they met at a flat surface about five feet in breadth which extended fore-and-aft.

Upon this surface were the remains of several broken and twisted awning stanchions, a short length of railing, and a fragment of grating.

A short distance aft of midships rose two oval-shaped pipes or funnels of iron. They were battered and weather-stained, and the upper caps were missing.

Forward a half-dozen feet from the ram-shaped bow was a round cone of steel with blunt top, and peculiar slit-like openings running in a circle near the top.

It was in shape and appearance a torpedo boat, this waif of the sea, but what would such a craft be doing out there in this condition, with battered and rusty upper works and no sign of smoke or steam or life?

That very question was being agitated among a party of five boys who were eagerly inspecting the torpedo boat from a man-of-war's sailing launch tossing idly a short distance away.

The presence of the boys themselves implied another question. How did they get here in a small boat hundreds of miles from land? There were five of them, as has been stated.

They were all clad in the white duck working clothes worn by United States naval cadets, and their bedraggled and generally buffeted appearance indicated that they had recently passed through some trying experience.

They had.

Their story is, briefly, as follows:

The night previous to the opening of this tale, had seen the United States Naval Academy practice ship *Monongahela* standing along under full sail, voyaging from Annapolis to Lisbon, Portugal.

She was on the annual practice cruise with the first, third and fourth class cadets on board.

At two in the morning, Captain Brooks, her commander, had given orders calling the crew to general quarters. When this drill was over he gave the command to abandon ship for the purpose of practicing the crew in that very necessary drill.

The boats were manned by a part of the crew and sent off into the night with instructions to proceed under oars until recalled by signal.

Shortly after the flotilla left the practice-ship, a sudden squall sprang up. In obedience to the recall signal, the sailing

launch collided with another boat and capsized.

After several mishaps five of the crew of cadets succeeded in regaining the launch—which had righted—and were thus enabled to remain afloat.

An object was sighted at daybreak, tossing at the mercy of the waves. It was at first supposed to be a capsized vessel, but on nearing it the cadets found to their unbounded surprise that it was an abandoned torpedo boat.

To Clif Faraday, who, by virtue of his tact and intelligence in organizing the new plebe class in the annual struggle against hazing, had been unanimously acknowledged the leader, this remarkable discovery was welcome indeed.

He saw at once that the craft must be seaworthy else it would not have survived the gale. It was far better than the open sailing launch, and a transfer to its comparatively roomy interior would certainly be appreciated.

Then again, there might be food and water on board, and the lack of those necessary articles was a subject of much anxiety to the youthful leader.

"Stand by to grasp that ring-bolt, Joy," he called out from his position at the steering oar.

The cadet he addressed, a tall, lanky lad with a preternaturally solemn face, leaned out from the bow of the launch in readiness to obey the order.

The other occupants busied themselves in lowering the sail and in assisting Joy to bring the boat alongside the strange derelict.

One of them was worthy of more than passing notice. He was a Japanese youth, and his bright intelligent face indicated that he was not unworthy of the honor his emperor had did him in sending him to the great American naval school to be educated.

His name, Motohiko Asaki, had been speedily "boiled down" to plain "Trolley" by the fun-loving cadets, and Trolley he remained.

Of the two remaining one named Judson Greene, a stockily built fellow with a dissipated expression upon his face, was a personal enemy of Faraday; and the other, a very small and delicate boy, with a refinement plainly apparent, was Clif's

protege. His name was Gote, and, as a matter of course, the word "Nanny" had been prefixed to it.

As the launch slipped alongside the torpedo boat, Joy cleverly caught the ring-bolt and thrust the end of the painter through it. The sail was lowered, then all hands scrambled up the sloping side of the craft.

The iron surface was rusty and tarnished by wind and weather, but a bright spot of paint here and there gave evidence that the derelict could not have been long abandoned.

The deck sounded hollow under the footsteps of the boys, and the waterlapped against the cylindrical hull with a strange weird sound not altogether pleasant.

The little door leading into the forward conning tower was tightly closed, as was also that giving entrance to the after tower.

At intervals along the deck were hatches all hermetically sealed. Clif and his companions were puzzled.

"I don't understand this," murmured the former. "If the crew was compelled to leave, why did they close all the doors and hatches?"

"There's some mystery about it," said Joy, shaking his head doubtfully.

"Maybe crew all dead below," suggested Trolley.

"Ow-w! Let's go back to the launch!" cried Nanny, eyeing the conning tower apprehensively. "I don't want to be where there are lots of dead men."

"Nonsense! it wouldn't make any difference if the craft was loaded with them," replied Clif. "We can throw them overboard, can't we? Now that the Monongahela has apparently abandoned us to our fate"—he glanced at the distant horizon—"we've got to make the best of things. We must find something to eat——"

Trolley rubbed his stomach yearningly.

"And some water——"

Judson wet his parched lips with his tongue.

"And also a better and more seaworthy craft than the launch."

"But we can sail the launch," remarked Joy.

"That's true enough, and we may do

it after all, but now we must see about food and water."

Clif advanced to the forward conning tower and tried the door. It resisted his efforts. He examined the edge carefully, and ran his finger along the crack.

"I don't believe it is locked inside," he concluded. "Perhaps it has been slammed violently and jammed. I'll just——"

He sprang back in alarm. A hollow moaning cry came from forward. It ended abruptly in a gurgle like that of a man in his last moments.

Little Nanny gave a gasp and moved toward the sailing launch, which was still fastened alongside.

"Wh-wh-what was that?" he chattered.

"Somebody is down there," exclaimed Joy; "and he needs help."

"We go see," said Trolley, quietly. "We break open door."

"We'll make a few inquiries first," said Clif.

Stamping upon the steel deck, he bawled lustily:

"Below there! Ahoy the 'tween decks!"

The quintette waited expectantly, but the stillness remained unbroken. Clif repeated the hail, and Joy pounded the deck with the oar from the launch, but with the same result.

"I guess we imagined it," said Nanny, evidently relieved. "It wasn't—wow!"

He ended with a cry of dismay. The moan again sounded forward, ending, as before, with the unearthly gurgle.

Trolley darted past the conning tower and, throwing himself flat upon the sloping deck, leaned out over the bow. He had hardly taken his position when the torpedo boat pitched sullenly into the trough of the sea, and the uncanny noise was repeated.

The Japanese youth returned aft with a grin upon his face.

"We plenty fools," he said. "That moan no come from man it caused by waves under bow. The cutwater is bent, and sea slap into it. Hurray!"

"That's a jolly sell on us," laughed Clif. "We are a lot of old women, getting scared at the slightest noise. Come on; give me a hand with this door. We

can't wait on deck all day. I want to see if there are any stores on board. Nanny, are you hungry?"

The little cadet hastened to answer in the affirmative.

"Then I'll get you to crawl down one of those broken funnels if we can't get in this way," continued Clif, winking at Joy.

"Oo! I wish we were on the Monongahela," complained Nanny, not at all pleased at the prospect. "I don't want to go down the funnel."

"You are a big baby," sneered Judson Greene.

"We may give you a chance to prove that you are full-grown," said Clif, coldly. "You are not too large for the funnel."

"I am not afraid," retorted Judson, walking aft.

A combined onslaught was made on the conning tower door. At first it resisted the efforts of the four boys, but finally, after Trolley had pounded the edges with the oar handle, it yielded slightly.

"All together now," said Clif, bracing his feet against the curved side of the conning tower. "One! two—tree, pull!"

The four cadets tugged sharply on the rope that had been passed through the handle, there was a complaining of stained hinges, then the door flew back with a crash.

And out through the opening tumbled the body of a man, half-clothed and ghastly in death!

CHAPTER II.

JUDSON GREENE'S TREACHERY.

For one moment the five cadets stared in horror at the body, then with one accord they broke for the launch. As they did so the torpedo boat lurched abruptly to one side, tossed by a wave, and the dead man slid gently after them.

As it rolled over on reaching the curve it was brought up against Judson's legs. With a shriek of horror the lad sprang into the sea.

The splash was almost instantly followed by a second. The dead man had rolled after him.

Clif quickly regained his senses.

"Throw us a rope!" he cried, hurriedly, then over he went in a neat dive

that placed him within reach of Judson as he bobbed into sight.

The two were speedily hauled on board. Judson cowered on deck, completely unstrung. Clif was still pale, but he had recovered his usual composure.

"Whew! excuse me," he said, wringing the water from his blouse. "I don't want any more scares like that. My teeth are chattering yet. Can you see any—anything of it, Trolley?"

The Japanese youth turned back from where he had been gazing into the sea. His swarthy face was a shade lighter, and he shook as if from cold.

"I no see him, Clif," he replied. "And I no want to any more. By Jim! I no think him in there."

"It has gone down," reported Joy, grimly.

"Maybe there are more inside," wailed Nanny. "Let's go back to the launch. I'd rather starve than stay on this spooky old thing."

Clif laughed in his old merry way.

"We are children, every one of us," he said, lightly. "Fancy being afraid of a dead man. Come; we'll resume our investigating."

"You don't g-g-get me to leave th-this deck," chattered Judson. "I know when I—I have had enough."

He moved toward the launch as he spoke.

"Where are you going?" asked Clif.

"Into the boat."

"If you do, I'll cut the painter and let you slide," continued Faraday. "What a coward you are!"

Judson grumbled something, but he remained on board the torpedo boat. He knew that Clif would keep his word.

"We'll tackle it again, fellows," announced that youth, cheerily. "If there are any more dead men below we will give them a decent sea burial."

"Nanny," he added, "suppose you inspect the after part while we——"

"Not on your life," hastily interrupted the little lad. "I go where you do."

"Well, come ahead, then," laughed Clif, leading the way to the open door of the conning tower.

He paused before leaving the deck and cast a glance around the horizon. There

was nothing in sight. With a sigh he stepped over the threshold.

The interior of the conning tower was fitted up with the usual objects found in such places. There was a steam steering wheel, a set of electric calls, a compass and a number of loose articles scattered about the deck.

At one side was an iron ladder leading forward into the officers' quarters. Looking down this Clif saw that the apartment was empty. The deck was littered with broken chairs, clothing and a riff-raff of articles. Everywhere were signs of disorder and wreck.

"I believe I understand matters now," said Clif, slowly.

"For goodness' sake, tell us!" exclaimed Nanny.

"I think something must have happened on board this boat to frighten the crew, and they abandoned it in a desperate hurry."

"But that dead man?" said Joy.

"He was caught in the conning tower by the slamming of the door, and was left behind."

"But what kill him?" spoke up Trolley. "This boat no been long abandoned, and he no die by starvation."

Clif laughed.

"You stump me, Trolley," he confessed. "I guess we are no nearer the solution than before. We'll have to search further for clues."

"And grub," put in Nanny.

"Yes, and grub."

Clif led the way into the officers' mess-room, which was at the foot of the iron ladder. Picking up a coat, he examined it critically.

"We haven't thought about the nationality of this craft," he said. "I do not believe it is an American or English torpedo boat."

"I guess you are right," called out Joy holding up a bundle of periodicals. "These are certainly not English."

Clif took them from his hand and glanced at the first.

"It's a French newspaper," he announced. "And the others are also French."

"Here's a book on navigation in the same language," spoke up Nanny from one corner of the apartment.

"This settle it," cried Trolley, triumphantly waving a tri-color flag he had found in an open drawer. "This is French torpedo——"

Bang!

The boys started and exchanged glances of consternation. The sharp clang of an iron door closing violently came from aft.

Nanny made a leap for the short flight of steps leading to the deck and disappeared before Clif could stop him.

"What in the deuce——" began Joy.

Before he could finish the sentence a loud cry came from above and Nanny reappeared in the opening. He was greatly excited.

"Come on deck!" he gasped, swinging his arms. "Quick! there's a ship in sight, and Judson has stolen the launch to go to it!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

The three cadets dashed through the conning tower, and on reaching the upper deck saw instantly that Nanny had spoken the truth.

Just barely visible above the rim of the sea off the port beam were the upper topsails of a ship. And standing away toward it was the sailing launch with Judson in the stern.

"Oh, the miserable villain!" cried Clif, shaking his fist after the recreant lad.

"Hi! come back you——" Trolley ended with a string of Japanese expletives.

The launch was not too far distant for Judson to hear, but he paid no heed.

"If I have gun I make him come back," said Trolley, savagely. "Some day I beat him head off!"

Clif remained silent. Leaning against the conning tower he watched the launch skim over the dancing waves. But there was an expression upon his handsome face that boded ill for the traitor.

In the excitement of the moment the mysterious slamming of the door below had been forgotten, but it soon recurred to Clif.

"We've got to find out what's aft," he said, after a pause. "Nanny, you remain on deck and keep watch while Trolley, Joy and I go below."

"Do you think it's the old Mononga-

hela?" asked the lanky plebe, staring at the distant sail.

"Hard to say. It may be. I wish we could make some kind of a signal."

"Why not start a smoke?" suggested Nanny, brightly. "We can make a fire on this iron deck and——"

"We'll do it in the furnaces," hastily interrupted Clif. "It's a good idea."

He ran along the sloping top of the torpedo boat and was soon tugging away at the door of the after conning tower. He knew from previous study on the subject that crafts of that class have the crew's quarters in the stern.

The hull is too narrow for passage from one end to the other, and all communications must necessarily be made by way of the upper deck. The mysterious noise had come from this part of the craft, Clif reasoned, so if there were any one on board they would be found in the after apartments.

The combined efforts of the three boys finally sprung the door open. As it yielded they hastily jumped aside. Their experience with one dead man was sufficient.

"I guess the supply has run short," said Clif, grimly, as he peered into the circular room.

"Everything looks ship-shape down there," remarked Joy, pointing to where a glimpse of the lower interior could be seen. "Come on."

He made one step over the threshold, then he stopped with a gasp. From some spot below came a weird, shrill voice.

"Au secours! au secours!" it said. "J'ai faim. Au secours!"

Joy hastily sprang back. His face had paled and his hands trembled as he pointed behind him.

"There's a man below there," he cried. "Did you hear that?"

"I heard him," replied Clif, eagerly. "It's a Frenchman, sure enough. He is calling for help."

Leaping past his companions, he disappeared down the ladder leading to the lower deck. Joy and Trolley tumbled after him.

They found themselves in a much larger apartment than that forward. It was not furnished so comfortably, containing only a few benches, a swinging table and a half-dozen hammocks.

A pile of broken crockery occupied one corner, and swinging from hooks were several pans, and strings of tin cups.

Forward of the larger apartment was another also containing hammocks. In this latter room were several chests, one being marked with a name in black letters. It was evidently the name of the torpedo boat. It ran:

"Le Destructeur,"

and after it was the word "Havre."

"That settles the nationality," said Clif.

He peered about the apartments, but nowhere could he see a man or anything resembling a man. The voice had surely come from this part of the ship.

"Hello! hello!" called out Joy, stamping his foot. "Oui, oui, monseer, avec vous in here aynwhere?"

Clif was compelled to smile at the lanky cadet's attempt at French. He had studied it at home himself sufficiently to read and understand, but he could not speak it correctly.

"This is certainly strange," he said, poking behind the chests. "Where in the deuce is the fellow?"

"Maybe he in fire-room," suggested Trolley.

"That's so. Let me see, the only way to get in there is by way of the hatch on deck. We'll try it."

After another thorough search the three boys started to ascend the ladder. Just as Clif, who was last, reached the conning tower, a shrill queer voice broke out behind him:

"C'est epatant qu'en Angleterre.
Y'ait des Anglais."

It was a snatch of a recent popular Parisian air!

The cadets stood as if turned to stone. The voice came from almost directly under their feet. And the tone! And the words!

Clif felt his hair tingle, and a cold shiver ran down his back. It was uncanny, to say the least.

Trolley, ordinarily jolly, had an expression much like that of a man who had met a ghost in a dark wood. And Joy was no whit better.

"Guess the d-d-darned thing's too much for me," he said, shakily. "Sup-

suppose we go on deck and th-think it over?"

"Not much," replied Clif, but with no great emphasis. "There's a man down there somewhere, either sick or crazy, and it's our duty to find him."

"Where in thunder is he? We've searched the confounded place from deck to ceiling."

"He not in fire-room," said Trolley.

"No. That voice——"

"De l'eau! de l'eau! de l'eau!"

The words floated up the opening as plainly as words can be spoken. But this time they seemed to come from the after end of the crew's quarters.

Clif sprang down the ladder at great risk to his neck.

When the others followed they found him tumbling the hammocks about.

Trolley and Joy assisted him, but the three had only their labor for their pains. Not a sign of the mysterious stranger could they find.

"You fellows can do as you please," suddenly announced Joy, "but this child is going on deck. Excuse me; I don't want any French shades in mine. The old tank is—oh, lud!"

He broke for the ladder and scrambled from sight. From almost over his head had come a groan.

This time Clif was thoroughly startled. The place, the circumstances and the voice was too much for him, and he hastened after Joy, with Trolley a close third.

On reaching the deck they found the lanky cadet leaning against the conning tower and looking rather foolish. He evaded their gaze and pointed astern.

The action of the waves had brought the distant sail in that direction.

Clif gave an exclamation of keen disappointment.

"She's passing!" he said. "She's much further away. We must do something if we want to attract her attention."

He paused only to see that the sailing launch was still in view, then he began to tug away at the iron hatch leading to the after fire-room. It required considerable effort to open it, but the iron hatch yielded at last, revealing a perpendicular ladder leading into a dark space below.

Clif's anxiety to start a signal caused him to forget his previous fears. With a

cheery "come on, fellows," he dropped down the ladder.

It was the after of the two fire-rooms with which *Le Destructeur* was provided. The small furnace—small in comparison with the general run of men-of-war furnaces—occupied the greater part of the compartment.

The fire-box door swung open, clanging back and forth with each roll of the hull. Scattered about were heaps of coal and ashes. Over in one corner was a pile of oily waste.

Seizing an armful, Clif thrust it into the fire-box, then he began to search his pockets. He looked up with a laugh as Trolley and Joy descended the ladder.

"If you want to see a first-class chump, just look at me," he said.

"What's up?" asked Joy.

"Been looking for matches in a pocket that's soaked with salt water. We must have something to light this fire with. Joy, run down aft and see if you can find a match."

"Excuse me," hastily objected the lanky cadet. "Send Trolley."

"Not much," exclaimed that youth. "I no like French ghosts"

"Then I'll go myself," replied Clif, moving toward the ladder.

"I say," interrupted Joy, stopping him. "Why not send Nanny? The kid didn't hear the voice. Perhaps he'll solve the mystery."

Clif chuckled.

"We'll try it," he decided, and forthwith began to shout for the youngster.

Presently Nanny's head and shoulders darkened the opening.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Where is the ship now?"

"Almost disappeared. Can just see a smudge."

"And the launch?"

"Judson is still sailing in that direction."

"I say, Nanny," said Clif, sweetly, "just drop down into the crew's quarters and see if you can find a match. I want to start a smoke. Hurry, that's a good fellow. We haven't any time to lose."

Nanny vanished. The boys exchanged grins, and awaited results.

"If he survives the shock he'll be an invalid for a week," chuckled Joy.

"I am rather sorry I sent him," said Clif, regretfully. "He's such a timid little chap that it may——"

A shrill yell interrupted him, then came a distant rattling and banging, then another wild shriek.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

The three middies raced to the upper deck just in time to see Nanny, white-faced and trembling, emerge from the after conning tower.

"Murder! Help! help!" he wailed. "Oh, Clif, some one is down there. I heard a voice singing. Oh, let's go away."

"What is the matter?" demanded Joy, striving hard to conceal a laugh. "What in thunder did you see?"

"N-nothing, but I heard a cracked kind of a voice," whimpered the little lad, almost in tears. "It—it seemed to come from the roof. Oh, the darned old tub is haunted. Let's leave."

"Never mind, youngster," said Clif, kindly. "We heard the voice, too. There's some mystery about it, but it isn't ghosts. That's silly. Did you get the matches?"

Nanny shook his head vigorously. Trolley went forward and presently returned with a box he found in the captain's cabin. Five minutes later a dense smoke was pouring from the after funnel.

"I am afraid it is too late," remarked Clif, watching the distant speck on the horizon. "That craft is bound south, and we are way to the eastward of her."

"There is one thing we forgot when we were down aft," suddenly observed Joy, placing one hand in the region of his fifth button. "We clean forgot the grub."

"That true," agreed Trolley.

"I won't go down there if I starve," came from Nanny, his face paling.

"We will have to do something," said Clif, decisively. "There must be food on board, and water, too. I saw several boxes and tanks below. I don't like the shades of departed Frenchmen, but I'll do a great deal to keep from starving."

"Suppose we go down and make plenty noise," suggested Trolley. "We take clubs and—wait a bit."

He hurried forward, and presently re-

appeared from the officers' quarters with one hand clutching a pistol and the other a long, wicked-looking sword. Flourishing the latter, he cried:

"I cut the neck of any ghost now. Come! we march down right away."

"He! he!" laughed Nanny. "Trolley, you have a different class of ghosts in Japan than those in other countries, I guess. Swords and guns are no good."

"We try anyway," placidly replied the Japanese youth. "Who come with me?"

"All of us," promptly announced Clif.

"Who go first?" was Trolley's next question.

"You, confound your thick head!" retorted Joy. "Haven't you got the weapons?"

Seeing no loop-hole, the Jap gingerly approached the door of the conning tower. Clif, who was close behind, suddenly uttered a deep groan.

Trolley dropped the sword and made a wild leap backward. A series of weird Japanese expletives came from his lips, then his jaw dropped when he caught sight of Clif's laughing face.

"Oh, you fool me, eh?" he said, slowly. "Well, I go down and fool ghost."

With that he vanished through the open door of the conning tower.

"We can't let him have all the fun," declared Clif. "Come on."

When the three—Nanny accompanied them—reached the lower deck they found Trolley seated upon a chest, calmly surveying the field. He held the revolver in one hand, and the sword at a parry in the other.

"No hear anything yet," he said, grinning. "I guess——"

"Jose! Jose!"

"Gosh! there it is again," ejaculated Nanny. "Let's go back. I don't want——"

"Jose! tengo hombre! Dame un galleta."

The words ended in a wail that sent cold chills through the cadets. For a moment it was in the minds of all to beat a hasty retreat, but Clif set his teeth, and said determinedly:

"I won't be frightened away from here again. Some one is playing us a scurvy

trick. That wasn't French; it was Spanish. If any chump——"

"Ach du lieber!"

Clif sat down upon a pile of hammocks and held up both hands in disgust.

"And German, too!" he exclaimed. "Now what on earth does it mean? Where is the fellow anyway?"

Joy was hungrily overhauling a locker which seemed filled with inviting looking cans and jars.

"Don't ask any foolish questions," he said. "Here's potted meats and jams and ship biscuit. Nanny, you half-sized idiot, get some water out of that breaker, and be durned quick about it."

It was well on toward noon, and the boys were beginning to feel the gnawing of their naturally healthy appetites. They were also growing accustomed to the mysterious voice, so without more ado they joined Joy in his onslaught on the contents of the locker.

They were not disturbed while they attended to the pleasant business before them, so they made out fairly well.

"For this make us truly thankful," said Joy, with a satisfied sigh as he polished off the last moral before him.

"I say," spoke up Nanny, "we're better off than that cad, Judson Greene, even if we have a polygot ghost in our midst."

"Judson is bound to return," said Clif, grimly. "When he does we'll have a reckoning."

Trolley lazily threw himself back upon a bench and observed:

"What we do now, fellows? We ro can stay out here. Maybe ship no come."

"What do you propose, your highness?" asked Joy, with fine sarcasm. "Shall we walk or take a cake of soap and wash ourselves ashore?"

"It's a pity we can't carry Le Destructeur into some port," said Clif, musingly. "She seems to be seaworthy, and I guess the coal supply is all right."

Trolley sat up and brought his hands together with an emphatic gesture.

"We do it; we do it," he cried, excitedly. "I know how to run marine engine. I learn a little in Japan. Hurray! you be captain, and I be engineer. Hurray!"

Clif stared at him for a moment, then his face brightened.

"By George, Trolley, that's the very ticket," he exclaimed. "If you can run an engine, we'll take the old tank into the nearest port. There are charts and instruments in the captain's cabin. And there are four of us—five if that chump comes back—and we ought to do it."

Clif began to pace up and down the narrow room. That he was greatly taken with the idea was plainly evident. Suddenly while he chanced to be near the extreme after end, the mysterious voice wailed:

"Ach, du lieber! Carramba! Dame agna pronto!"

With a bound Clif reached the spot whence the sound seemed to come. He grasped the knob of a small trap-door in the wooden lining of the hull, and gave a quick wrench.

Something fluttered out and fell to the floor with a flapping of wings.

It was a parrot!

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho! This is rich!"

"Ha! ha! if I d-don't stop laughing I'll die!" gasped Clif. "Fancy being—ha! ha!—fooled by a pet parrot."

The four boys were rolling upon the floor in an ecstasy, of mirth. And over in the corner, eyeing them solemnly, was the parrot.

The poor bird was thin and its feathers hung down in a bedraggled manner. It looked as if it had undergone a siege with a cage full of monkeys.

"He! he!" it suddenly cackled. "Povre Juanito! Tengo sed. Ach du lieber! Sacre!"

Clif moistened several sea biscuit in water and fed the starved bird. Then the boys enjoyed another fit of laughing and went on deck.

Their relief was manifest. The discovery of the parrot, which had evidently been shut in by accident, explained a great deal, and it drove away all uncanny suspicions.

After a brief consultation it was decided that Clif should act as captain and steersman, Trolley as engineer, and Joy and Nanny as firemen.

"If Judson turns up," said Clif, glancing at the distant speck which represented the launch, "we'll make him shovel coal all night."

Trolley hurried below into the after engine-room to overhaul the machinery while the three others prepared to start fires.

Blouses were stripped off and the trio fell to work with a will. The oily waste lighted before had died out, but another fire was soon ignited, and within a half hour the furnace was roaring.

Presently Trolley, greasy and black, joined them. There was a satisfied smile on his face.

"I find everything ship-shape," he said. "The engine in fine condition."

He glanced at the steam gauge and added:

"Hurray! we soon be ready to start. You better look up charts and things, Clif."

Faraday though the advice good, so he hurried to the conning tower. He found the compass in its usual place; and stowed away in a little locker were two sextants and a chronometer.

The latter had stopped, however, and it was useless to him. A log-book written in French, bore as the last date the tenth of June. The observation for that noon was a degree of longitude near the coast of France.

"The boat has been driven to sea by some severe gale," he reasoned. "That's plain enough. But why did the crew leave her so abruptly, and what killed that man in the conning tower?"

These thoughts occupied his mind as he rummaged about the little apartment. He was in search of a chart. Finding none, he descended to the room used as the officers' mess. Forward of this was the captain's cabin, and directly aft the state-room occupied by the other officer who on vessels of the *Le Destructeur* class does duty both on deck and in the engine-room.

Noticing a heap of debris in the centre consisting of clothing, bedding and ruff-raff of every description, Clif raked it aside.

To his surprise, he saw undeniable traces of fire. The flooring was eaten away or charred, and a hole gaped beneath his feet. Upon part of a wooden hatch was stamped a word which sent a flood of light through the lad. It was:

"Magasin."

"The magazine!" Clif exclaimed, aloud. "It is where they kept the torpedo charges. And it has been on fire! Gorry! no wonder they fled."

It was plain enough now. The boat had caught fire while at sea. An attempt had been made to extinguish the flames, but without success.

The dread belief that the flames would reach the powder and gun-cotton had sent the crew away in a panic.

And the dead man?

"There is only one explanation," muttered Clif. "He was caught in the conning tower by the jamming of the door, and the fright killed him. Gorry! no wonder. Waiting for a ton of gun cotton to explode under one's feet is enough to kill anybody."

That the fire did not reach the explosives was evident. The rolling and pitching of the boat had probably tossed a lot of dunnage upon the flames and extinguished them.

Clif hastened forward to acquaint his companions with the discovery. He found the steam whistling merrily from the ex-

haust pipes. Trolley was trying the engine, and the other two were still feeding the furnace.

Clif's explanations were received with wonder. Nanny anxiously inquired if the fire was really out and, on being assured that it was, he returned to his task of shoveling.

Twenty minutes later the Japanese youth announced with a triumphant blast of the whistle that all was in readiness for a start.

Clif had succeeded in finding a book of charts. After careful figuring, he decided on a cause. It was more or less guesswork, but he believed that he could at least take *Le Destructeur* into the path of vessels bound to the Mediterranean.

Taking his place at the wheel, the young captain signaled the engine-room. Trolley responded gallantly, and the torpedo boat's screw began to revolve.

An enthusiastic cheer came from the fire-room force which had hastened to the upper deck to see the start.

Clif found the steering rather difficult at first, but he soon learned the wheel and brought the bow around toward the speck on the distant horizon which represented the launch.

"We can't leave Judson out here even if he is a double-dyed-in-the-wool traitor," he announced.

When the launch was brought within plain view it was seen that Greene had tacked, and it was evident he wished to regain the torpedo boat.

It did not take long to bring him alongside. He glanced sheepishly at the occupants of the deck when he finally crawled aboard.

The engines had been stopped and the four cadets were prepared to meet him.

Clif had his blouse off and his sleeves rolled up. Stepping forward, he said, peremptorily:

"Shed that blouse of yours, Greene."

"What for?" demanded Judson, in evident alarm.

"You've got to whip me or take the worst hiding you ever received. Off with it. I'll sail in in about five seconds."

"But——"

"Off with it."

Judson sullenly obeyed, and stood on the defensive. Clif proceeded to business at once, and the two were soon dealing blows right and left. The other cadets looked on with grins of delight.

Clif had not only might but right on his side, and in a very short period Judson was crying enough. Then Trolley whacked him several times, and Joy added his share. To wind up the punishment, little Nanny administered a few well-directed kicks!

"Now, sir," said Clif, sternly, "just thank your lucky stars that we didn't leave you to the sharks. Go below and get something to eat."

The engine was kept going until midnight, then as the boys were tired out, the fires were banked and watches arranged.

At daybreak little Nanny, who had the last tour of duty, espied a sail off the star-board bow.

He aroused the others, and steam was started at once. In time it became apparent to the excited boys that there was something familiar about the outlines of the ship.

"Hurray! hurray! it is the old Monongahela!" shouted Trolley at last. "She come to look for us. Hurray!"

"I don't think it is anything to cheer about," sighed Joy, gloomily. "Ain't

we all right aboard here? Huh! now we'll be plebes again, when we've been captains, and engineers, and—and coal heavers. I think it's a durned shame."

The rest rather agreed with him, but they were glad to see the practice ship, nevertheless.

When it became known on board the Monongahela who the occupants of the torpedo boat were the wildest excitement ensued.

A boat was lowered and the castaways (not forgetting the parrot) were carried back in triumph.

Clif and his companions were the heroes of the hour, and they were received with special distinction on the quarter-deck. They were delighted to learn that the other boats had been picked up and no lives lost in the catastrophe.

The torpedo boat was manned by a picked crew from the Monongahela and convoyed by that vessel to the mouth of the Tagus River.

The French Government was advised at once and word presently came that Le Destructeur's former crew had been long since rescued.

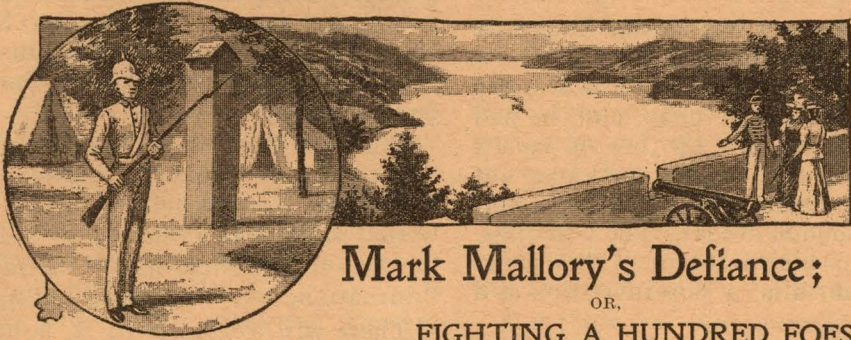
By the time the Monongahela was ready to proceed up the Tagus to Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, a French gunboat was on hand to tow the torpedo boat back to Havre.

And so ended Clif Faraday's first command.

[THE END.]

In the next number (22) of Army and Navy will be published "Cadets Ashore; or, Clif Faraday's Adventure in Lisbon," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.





Mark Mallory's Defiance;

OR,

FIGHTING A HUNDRED FOES.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

MARK RECEIVES A COMMITTEE.

"Oh, say, Mark, I wish you'd fight that darnation ole cadet! An' ef you do, jest won't we whoop her up! Gee whiz!"

The speaker was a tall, slenderly built lad wearing the fatigue uniform of a fourth class cadet, or plebe, at West Point. His quiet gray eyes were glistening as he spoke, and his face was alive with excitement.

The plebe was Mr. Jeremiah Powers. The cadet he was addressing was also a plebe, a sturdily-built, handsome lad with curly brown hair—Mark Mallory of Colorado.

The two were resting from the morning's drill, and were lounging about a shady nook in the corner of the seige battery enclosure. Grouped about them, and equally interested in the important discussion were five other plebes, plebes who will have much to do with our present story.

They were the members of the Seven Devils, a secret society of which Mark was the leading spirit—head devil—and "Texas" his most honored and able assistant. The Seven Devils were a unique society, the cause of much excitement about that staid and solemn army post, and of much worry and discomfort to the older cadets.

Cliques and societies are not tolerated at West Point, and the plebes knew it, which accounted for their very great secrecy. Its members were the most B. J. plebes in the place. (B. J. stands for "before June," which is the way the cadets designate a plebe who is inclined to act

as if he were an old cadet before he really is one, that is, to get "gay"). These plebes were by this time the dread of the yearlings. The third classmen, by inherent right the hazers of the plebes. They had repeatedly refused to be hazed; had "sassed" and outwitted, and walloped, and bothered their opponents from sunrise till sunset, and long afterward. The B. J. tricks they had tried would take volumes to tell of.

It had all begun with the attempts of the yearlings to haze the new cadets, certain of the new cadets, Mark Mallory, in particular, had not proposed to stand that, and had resisted for all they were worth. Texas, with his lasso-throwing, cowboy arm, had licked four of them in one morning. Mark had defeated the picked champion of the class in an exciting battle. And the upshot of the whole matter was that the seven, driven to desperation, had gotten together and sworn allegiance and secrecy and resistance.

They had succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. From mere resistance they had come to like B. J.'nes so much that they had actually dared to haze the yearlings. And from that time on they knew no greater delight on earth than thinking up clever schemes with which to make their enemies wretched. They had broken up the yearlings' entertainments, their hazing excursions, and even one of their exhibition drills. And the other night they had done something if possible still more extraordinary and bizarre, something which had set the cadets fairly wild, and which had the remark of the

excitable Texan at the beginning of this chapter.

One of the seven was Master Chauncey Van Renssalaer Mount-Bonsall of New York and Fifth avenue. He was a merry and pleasant enough chap, and he had once thrashed several of the old cadets soundly. But he had a weakness for pedigrees, and aristocracy, and high collars, and a London accent. The yearlings, playing upon his vanity as to his social rank, had sent him a hop invitation as a joke.

Now for a plebe to go to a hop was something West Point had never dared to dream of. For a low vile "beast" even to talk about a hop was preposterous presumption. Therefore, Mark resolved that Chauncey and some others of the Seven Devils should go at once.

Alan Dewey, a handsome merry-hearted youth with a passion for telling stories and for his favorite exclamation "B'gee!" had volunteered to join Mark and Chauncey. Dewey was a favorite with all the girls anyway and could dance to "beat the band." And sure enough those three bold rascals did go. And they danced too.

They had arranged all that beforehand. Grace Fuller had attended to it. Grace Fuller was the belle of West Point, a beautiful and charming girl whom Mark had rescued from drowning by an act of heroism she had never forgotten. She was mischievous and full of fun herself and was by this time an intimate friend of Mark's. He had told her of the Seven Devils. The title was speedily changed to "Seven Devils and one Angel." And Grace Fuller declared a member by her own demand. That was why she had worked so hard to get the girls to join in the plot; that was why the plebes had found plenty to dance with them, while the yearlings had no one; and that was why the cadets were wild with anger toward Grace, and all their "best girls," and the plebes, and in fact, everything in general.

One of the "hop managers," a first classman and an officer, Cadet-Lieutenant Wright, had ventured in behalf of his class to request Mark to leave the floor. Mark, who was in the midst of a dance at the moment, had been justly indignant. He had informed the other that an

apology would be demanded; and that as a cadet, having an invitation, he proposed to stay and dance. Whereupon the hop managers had stopped the music and "busted up their durnation ole hop" and gone home in a rage.

That was the end of the matter, except that there was a fight on between Cadet Mallory and Lieutenant Wright. It was to that fight that Texas was alluding.

"An' ef you lick him," he repeated, "durnation, won't we woop her up!"

"There will certainly be a fight," responded Mark, after a moment's thought. "That is, unless Wright apologizes, which he will not do of course. I do not like to fight; I'd a great deal rather get along without it, for it is a brutal sort of an amusement at best."

"Rats!" growled Texas.

"But it's necessary all the same," continued the other. "I do not see how I can keep my dignity otherwise. The notion that a plebe is a creature without any feelings who may be slammed about at will is altogether too prevalent to suit my taste; and I propose to have the cadets understand once and for all that they may haze me all they want to if they can, but that when they insult me they are going to get hurt."

"Bully, b'gee!" chimed in Dewey, with a chuckle of delight.

"Do you think you can do him?" inquired one.

"I don't know," said Mark. "And what is more I don't want to know. If I knew I could whip him I wouldn't want to fight. I mean to try."

"Durnation!" growled Texas, angry at the mere supposition of Mark's not being able to thrash any one on earth. "Didn't he whop Billy Williams? An' ain't he the best man in the yearlin' class?"

"They said he was," said Mark. "And I had a hard time with him. But Wright's been here two years longer and is trained to the top notch. He's stronger than Williams, but I doubt if he's so quick. And still he's captain of the football team, which means a good deal, I'll tell you."

"I wish 'twar my chance to fight him!" exclaimed Texas. "Durnation, Mark, you always were lucky."

"I don't even know if he'll fight yet," laughed the other.

"B'gee!" chimed in Dewey, "I think it's about time you began to think of getting ready to start to send over and find out. Reminds me of a story I once heard, b'gee——"

"Good heavens!" groaned Mark, with a look of anguish, "I'll send at once. Everything I do seems to remind you of something. I'll send."

"You will, hey?" laughed Dewey. "B'gee, that reminds me of another. There was a fellow lived in Kalamazoo, and he——"

"You go!" said Mark. "I'll make you my ambassador to keep you quiet. Or at least you can tell your stories to the enemy. Hurry up now!"

Dewey arose from his seat and prepared to start upon his errand. Texas was on his feet in an instant.

"Naow look a yere, Mark!" he cried. "Why kain't I go? Durnation, I want some fun, too. You wouldn't let me go that time to Billy Williams!"

"I won't let you go now for the same reason," laughed Mark. "You'd be in a free for all fight in half a minute yourself. You go ahead, Dewey. Tell Mr. Wright that I demand an apology or else that he name the time and place. Throw in a few 'B'gees' for good measure, tell him a yarn or two, and make yourself charming and agreeable and handsome as usual. Tra, la, la."

Dewey tossed him an effusive kiss by way of thanks for the compliment, and then vaulted over the embankment and set out for camp, marching right merrily to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," hands at the side, chest out, palms to the front, little fingers or the seams of the trousers!

The remainder of the Seven Devils waited in considerable anxiety for the return of the "ambassador." They were one and all of them interested in their leader and hero; his triumph was theirs and theirs his.

"He'll take half an hour anyway," said Mark. "So there's no use beginning to get impatient yet. Let's take it easy."

"Yea, by Zeus!" said the "Parson," another member. "And in the meantime allow me to call your attention to a most

interesting and as yet unclassified fossil which I unearthed this very morning."

The Parson was Peter Stanard of Boston, a long-legged, knock-kneed and bony individual with a passion for geology in particular and all the "various ramifications of knowledge" in general. He cleared his throat with his usual "Ahem!" and Mark cast up his eyes.

"I wish I had found an embassy for the Parson, too," he groaned.

But there was no necessity for Mark's alarm, as it proved. The Parson had barely time to give a few introductory bits of information about "the pteroptian genera of the Treassic and Jurassic periods," when the "Girl I Left Behind Me" once more made herself audible and Dewey appeared upon the scene, obviously excited.

"What are you back so soon for?" inquired Mark.

"I hadn't anything to do," responded the other, hurriedly. "Wright wouldn't see me."

"What! Why not?"

"He says there's a committee from his class coming to see you about it, b'gee."

"A committee!" echoed Mark. "I've got nothing to do with any committee. It's my business to challenge him."

"I know. But that don't make any difference. He wouldn't talk about it, he just said the committee would see you about it and explain the situation. And to make it more exciting, b'gee, they're coming now."

"How do you know?" inquired Mark.

"I saw 'em," answered Dewey, "and I told 'em where you were and, b'gee, they're on the way in a hurry. Something's up, b'gee, and I'm going to be right here to see it too."

Dewey dropped into his corner once more, and after that the seven said nothing, but waited in considerable suspense for the arrival of the distinguished first classmen, wondering meanwhile what on earth they could want and why on earth they found it necessary to interfere in Mark's quarrel with the officer.

They came, three of them, in due time. The Parson immediately rose to his feet.

"Hoi presbeis tou Basileos!" he said in his most stately tone, and with his

most solemn bow. "That's Greek," he added, condescendingly (to the six; he took it for granted that the learned cadets knew what it was). "It's a quotation from the celebrated comedy the Acharnians, and it——"

They were shockingly rude, that committee. They paid not the least attention to the Parson and his classical salutation, but instead, after a stiff formal bow, proceeded right to their business with Mark. The Parson felt very much hurt, of course; he even thought of challenging to a dual at once. But a moment later he found himself listening with rapt attention to the amazing information which that committee had to give.

For the old cadets had evolved yet one more scheme for the subduing of those B. J. plebes. And that committee had come to stop their B. J. ness for once and for all and in a hurry too.

CHAPTER II.

FLINGING THE GANTLET.

Mark did not know the names of the three cadets who confronted him. Their faces were familiar and he knew that they were first classmen. That was evidently all that the committee considered necessary, for they did not stop for an introduction.

All of the Seven Devils' B. J. ness had up to this point been manifested against the yearlings, and it had been the yearlings chiefly whose wrath they had incurred. But that hop was too much; that had been an insult to every cadet, and Mark knew that he had made new and more powerful enemies. He could see that in the looks of the three stern and forbidding cadets, who glared at him in silence with folded arms.

"Mr. Mallory," said the spokesman.

Mark arose and bowed politely.

"What is it you wish?" said he.

"We have been sent to say a few words to you from the First Class."

Another bow.

"In the first place Mr. Mallory, the class instructs us to say that your conduct at the hop the other night deserves their gravest censure. You had no business to go."

"As a cadet of this Academy," re-

sponded Mark, calmly. "I considered it my right."

"It has not been customary, sir," said the other, "for new cadets to go to the hops."

"Precedent may be changed," was Mark's answer. "It should be when it is bad."

There was a moment's silence after that and then he continued.

"Let us not discuss the point," he said. "I always consider carefully the consequences of my acts before hand. I am prepared for the consequences of this one."

"That is fortunate for you," returned the "committee," with very mild sarcasm. "To proceed however, Lieutenant Wright, one of our hop managers, acting, please understand, in behalf of the class, requested you to leave."

"To continue the story," said Mark, keeping up the sarcastic tone, "I was naturally insulted by his unwarranted act. And I mean to demand an apology."

"And if you do not get it?" inquired the other.

"Then I mean to demand a fight."

"Which is precisely what we were sent to see you about," responded the cadet.

Mark was a trifle surprised at that.

"I thought," he said, "that my second should arrange the matter with Mr. Wright's. However, I shall be glad to fix it with you."

"You will fix nothing with us," retorted the other. "The class has instructed me to tell you that most emphatically you will not be allowed to fight with the lieutenant."

Mark stared at the three solemn cadets in amazement, and Texas gave vent to a muttered "Durnation!"

"Not be allowed to fight!" echoed Mark.

"No, sir, you will not. Mr. Wright was the class' delegate; your quarrel is with the class."

"B'gee!" put in Dewey, wriggling with excitement, "let's lick the class, b'gee!"

Mark was silent for a while, thinking over the strange turn of affairs; and then the committee continued.

"Mr. Wright will not do you the honor of a fight or of an apology."

Mark flushed at that stinging remark. The speaker never turned a hair, but stared at him just as sternly as ever, seeing that his thrust had landed.

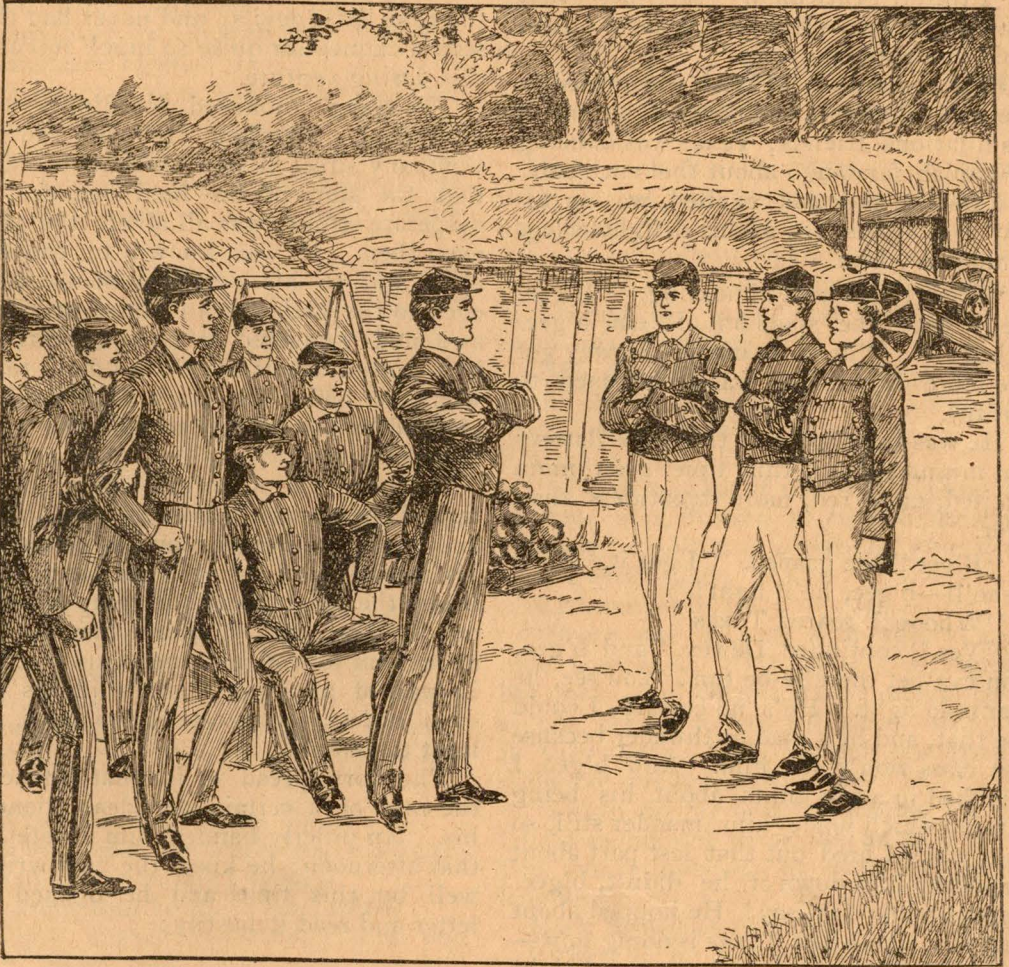
Mark had a way of saying nothing when he was angry, of thinking carefully what it would be best to do. And now he gazed into space, his brows knitted, while his six friends leaned forward anxiously, wondering what was coming next.

"All at once?" inquired Mark, with a tinge of irony.

"No, sir. Separately and in fair fight."

Mark was thoughtful and silent again.

"The consequences," he said, at last, "are unpleasant. The consequences of swallowing so gross and unmerited an insult as Mr. Wright's, given before hundreds of people, are more unpleasant still. Dewey!"



"MR. MALLORY," SAID THE CADET, "WE HAVE BEEN SENT TO SAY A FEW WORDS, TO YOU FROM THE FIRST CLASS" (page 976).

"Suppose," the plebe inquired at last, "suppose, sir, I were to force a fight with Mr. Wright?"

"If you do," said the other, "the class will take it upon itself to prevent that fight, using brute force if necessary, and punishing you severely for your impertinence. And moreover you will be required to defend your right to resist their authority, to defend it against every member of the class."

That young man sprang to his feet with an excited "B'geel!"

"Dewey," said Mark, in slow and measured tones, and never once taking his eyes off the three stern cadets, "Dewey, you will return for me, please, to Mr. Wright's tent. Tell Mr. Wright for me—that I demand an apology by this evening—or else that he name a time and place. And tell him finally that if he refuses—I shall consider myself unfortu-

nately obliged—to knock him down the first time I see him.”

“Bully, b’gee!”

“Durnation!”

The six plebes had leaped to their feet as one man, with a wild hurrah! Ye gods, could anything have been better than that? Those three cadets had fairly quailed before Mark’s bold and sudden, yet calm defiance.

“I think, gentlemen,” said he, “that my purposes are clear to you now. And I bid you good-morning.”

Half a minute later Mark was buried in the wild embraces and congratulations of his hilarious friends; Texas was dancing a Spanish fandango about the enclosure, and Dewey, red and excited, was on his way to camp as fast as his delighted legs could carry him.

“B’gee!” he kept chuckling. “B’gee, we’ll wipe the spots off of ’em, b’gee. Whoop!” (The more excited Dewey got the more B’gees he was accustomed to put in).

He was back again at the Seige Battery ten minutes later, this time even more excited, more red, more breathless than ever.

“B’gee!” he gasped. “I got it. He’ll—he’ll—b’gee, he’ll fight!”

“Whoop!” roared Texas.

“Yes,” continued Dewey, “and b’gee, you can bet there’re be fun! You see, he wants to fight. He’s no coward, I could see that, and he’s mad as thunder because the class won’t let him. And b’gee, I chuckled in a few hints about his being afraid, which made him madder still, so that when I fired out that last part about knocking him down if he didn’t, b’gee, he was wild. Oh, say! He hopped about that tent like—like Texas is doing now—and b’gee he wanted to have it out right away.”

“Durnation! Whoop!” roared Texas. “Let’s go up now! I’ll help! Let’s——”

“Sit on him and keep him quiet,” laughed Mark, shoving Texas into a corner. “Now go on.”

“We couldn’t fight at Fort Clinton, b’gee,” continued Dewey still gasping for breath, “because the cadets would have learned. And so finally b’gee, he said we’d get a boat and cross the Hudson. How’s that?”

“When?” cried Mark.

“To-morrow morning first thing, b’gee!”

Texas had escaped by this time and was dancing about once more. And the rest of the seven were about ready to join him. This was the greatest bit of excitement of all. The most B. J. thing they had ever done, defying the whole first class and going out of cadet limits besides! There never were seven lads more full of fun than these devils; and never had they seen a chance for quite so much fun as in this daring venture.

The seven adjourned for dinner soon after that. As they “fell in” on the Company street it was evident to Mark that the story of his bold defiance, his desperate stroke, was all about the place even then. It was known to the first class, and to his yearling enemies, and even to the plebes, who stared at him in awe and wondered whence on earth he had gotten the “nerve” to dare to do what he had. For Mark Mallory stood pledged by his defiance to fight the whole corps of cadets.

He bore his notoriety easily; he returned the stares of his enemies with cool and merry indifference, and as he cleaned his musket and turned out for drill, or made the dust about the camp fly while on “police duty,” there was nothing about him to lead any one to suspect that he was, of all West Point’s plebes and even cadets, the most conspicuous, the most talked of.

The story spread so far that it reached the ears of a certain very dear friend of his. An orderly handed him a note late that afternoon; he knew the handwriting well by this time and he opened the letter and read it hastily:

“Dear Mr. Mallory—Please come over to the hotel as soon as you can. I have some important news for the seven, and for you particularly.

Your friend,

Grace Fuller.”

Mark went, wondering what could be “up,” and he found that it was about that same all-important affair that Grace wanted to see him.

“I hear you are going to fight,” she began as soon as she saw him; there was

a worried look on her face which made Mark smile involuntarily.

"It's nothing very desperate," he answered. "So you needn't be alarmed. You see it's necessary for me to fight once in a while else you and I couldn't play all our beautiful B. J. tricks."

"I guess you'd better go then," she laughed. "But I don't like it a bit. You'll come home all bruised up and covered with court-plaster, and I shan't have anything to do with you until you get handsome again."

"Thanks for that last word 'again,'" responded he with a laugh. Then he added, more seriously. "How did you find all this out? I thought none of the cadets were going to speak to you since the hop?"

"Pooh!" said Grace. "You didn't suppose they meant that, did you. Half of them are beginning to capitulate already. I knew they wouldn't hold out."

"I knew it too," thought Mark to himself; he was watching the girl's beautiful face, with its expression of action and life.

"It seems then that all my rivals are back again," he said, aloud.

"None of them are your rivals," answered the girl; and then she added, quickly: "But that wasn't what I sent for you to tell you. I have been finding out some more secrets. I think if I keep on practicing on the cadets I'll be quite a diplomatist and confidence man by and by."

"What have you found out now?"

"Simply that the whole first class proposes to keep you from fighting."

"I knew that before," said Mark.

"Yes," answered Grace. "But you didn't know that they knew you and Wright were going to cross the river to settle it."

"Do they know that, too?" cried Mark.

"They do; and moreover they intend to keep watch on you, and if you leave camp to-night you'll have the whole class to follow you."

Mark looked interested at that.

"I can see," he said, "that I am going to have no small amount of fun out of this business. I wish you could manage

to use a little of your diplomacy in helping me escape."

"And I wish," added Grace, gazing at him with the same anxious look he had noticed before, "I wish I could help you do the fighting too. I hate to think of your being hurt."

"It hurts me to have you look so unhappy," said Mark, seriously. "I can stand the other. As a fighter I don't think you would make much of a success. This is a case of 'Angels for council; devils for war.'"

"Go ahead," sighed Grace, "if you have to go to hospital I'll come over and nurse you."

Mark took his departure soon after that; he set out for camp, revolving in his mind all sorts of impracticable schemes for outwitting the first classmen that night. His thoughts were interrupted by hearing his name. He looked up; a cadet was addressing him.

"Mr. Mallory," he said, "Good-afternoon. My name is Harden. Mr. Wright has asked me to be his second."

Mark bowed.

"Also to say that if you will be outside of your tent, dressed, at two to-morrow morning he will have a boat ready to take us to a quiet place."

Mark bowed again.

"Bring one second with you," the cadet continued. "Mr. Wright will have but one. And keep this very secret; tell no one, for the cadets will surely stop us if they learn. Mr. Wright has great doubts of our success anyway."

"I shall do my best," answered Mark. "I am as anxious to succeed as he. And I'm much obliged to you for your trouble."

Mark turned away and entered his tent.

"There'll be fun to-night," he muttered; "plenty of fun to-night."

There was.

CHAPTER III.

AN ESCAPE, A FIGHT, AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

"Are you ready in there? S-sh!"

"Yes, I'll be out in a moment."

"Two o'clock and all's we-ell!"

The first speaker was Harden, the first classman, the second was Mark, and the third the sentry, calling the hour.

The moonlight, clear and white, shone down on the glistening, snowy tents; the camp was almost as bright as day. Two figures who stood crouching in the company street were plainly visible, dressed in old contraband "cit's clothing" for disguise. And presently two more appeared, similarly clad, Mark and his old friend, the learned and pugilistic Parson.

The four said not a word, but stole silently down the street to the park that bounded the camp on the east, the river side, the beat of Sentry No. 4. One of them gave a low whistle, a signal to the sentry to face about so that he might not "see any one cross his beat." The four sped across the line and were lost a moment later in the shadow of the woods.

The sound of their whistle had an echo, thought they did not know it. It came from another tent and was the signal for a strange scene, one that probably that camp had never before witnessed. In an instant, it seemed, the white ground was alive with dark figures and black hurrying shadows. One third of the whole cadet corps, all the first class, in fact, were about to engage in the perilous task of dodging camp!

There was no delay, no hesitation; the whole crowd fell in under one leader, stole down the street, signaled the sentry; and then came a dash and a tramp of feet that almost shook the ground. The class was gone. Gone to stop that fight or die!

One hates to tax a reader's credulity. To say that that sleepy moonlit camp was once more a witness of the same unusual scene not half a minute later seems beyond the possibility of belief. Yet so it was. There was no signal this time; they simply met, five of them, all plebes, two from an A company and three from a B company tent just in the rear. They too fell in under a leader, a leader who punctuated his orders with a whispered "Duration!" And they too crossed the sentry post and vanished in the woods.

There was some one to trail the trailers!

We shall skip forward to those in advance. The four would-be duellists had no idea of their detection. They thought that their early start had done the work. They climbed down the bank of the river, passed the Riding Hall, and came out on

the railroad track below, just at the mouth of the tunnel.

"The boat is down near Highland Falls," said Harden, briefly; and then there was silence again. Wright had not said one word since the start.

They set out down the track. They stole by the little station, with its single light and its half-sleeping telegraph operator. And then—hark! What was that?

Tramp, tramp! The four turned in amazement. Great heavens, they were followed! Clearly visible in the moonlight, their white trousers glittering, the company was marching steadily behind them. They were in line and had a captain. At concealment there was no attempt; they seemed to say, every one of them. "Well, here we are. Now what are you going to do about it?" And the four stared at each other in amazement.

"Shall we resort to flight?" inquired the learned Parson.

"They're too many; they'd catch us," said Harden, emphatically. "I don't know just what to do. I rather think we're outwitted. I—what's that?"

"Ding! dong! Woow-oo!"

"A train!" exclaimed Mark. "That'll scatter 'em. But it'll do us no good."

A moment later there was a glare of light in the tunnel, light that shone upon the figures on the track; and then the heavy train shot out and came rushing down upon them. The cadets scattered of course; and in the temporary confusion Mark saw a golden chance. It was a slow train; he could see. A freight! And a moment later as the engine rushed past them, he shouted to the other three:

"Catch it! Catch it as it passes!"

It was all done so quickly they had scarcely time to think. They saw the last car whirl past the cadets; they saw the company reforming to march. And a moment later all four of them leaped toward the train and flung themselves aboard the last platform of the way car.

It was going faster than they had thought; the sudden jerk they got nearly tore their arms from their sockets, and the Parson's loose joints cracked ominously. But they hung on, all of them, with a grip like death. And they had the intense satisfaction of hearing a yell of rage from the cadets in the rear, and of

seeing, as they clambered up and looked behind them, the whole crowd break into a run and set out in furious though vain pursuit.

"That settles it," said Mark, joyfully. "We're safe! Now then."

But his words were just a trifle premature. The cadets were fast being left behind, running though they were; but there was a new danger hitherto unthought of. The car they were on was the caboose. The door was flung open; a rough figure strode out.

"Hey, there, git off o' that! What the devil are yez doin' there?"

The four stared at each other in consternation. Here was a rub! They looked for all the world like tramps, to be kicked off unceremoniously into the hands of the enemy again. But before the man could move Harden thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Here," he said. "Take that, and shut up."

The man gazed at them dubiously. They might be burglars, robbers—but then it was good money, and nobody the wiser. That was none of his business any how. He muttered an apology and slammed the door again, while the four sighed with relief.

"I wonder what next," said Mark.

There was nothing more; the long train rumbled on down the river bank and the party waited in silence until Harden gave the signal. Then they made more or less ungraceful and uncomfortable leaps from the platform, sprang down the bank unto the rushes, and a moment or so later were on their way across the river in a row boat.

"Which means," whispered the Parson to Mark, "that we'll have our fight after all."

Mark had thought of that. He was already calculating the chances. Wright had a great powerful frame, with massive bull shoulders and a face that showed no end of grit. That much Mark could see. He knew too that the man was a gymnast of three years' practice under a master as skilled as Uncle Sam could find; that every muscle had been worked and trained, that he was lithe and quick and active, skilled with foil and bayonet and broad-sword, a perfect horseman. and the

captain of West Point's crack eleven besides. Mark thought of all this; and then he clinched his own broad hands and gritted his teeth and waited.

There was not a word said on the trip; all were too solemn and anxious. Harden rowed—working silently and swiftly. The waves lapped against the boat, and the ripples spread out in a long silvery moonlit trail behind them. And then the boat sped in under the shadow of the trees on the eastern bank, and a moment later grated on the pebbly beach.

Harden sprang ashore and drew up the boat. The rest landed and he went on into the woods. The three followed him a short ways, and then at a little clearing he stopped.

"Here," said he, "is the spot."

Mark halted and gazed about him. He saw a small turf-covered inclosure surrounded by the deep black shadows of a wall of trees. The moon strayed down through the centre furnishing the only light. It was not three o'clock yet, and the sun was far below the horizon. Mark whipped off his coat.

"I am ready," said he. "Let us lose no time."

Wright and his second were just as prompt and business-like. The lieutenant stripped his brawny frame to the waist and bound his suspenders about him to hold his trousers. Mark was ready then, too.

"It is your choice," said he to the other. "How shall we fight?"

"By rounds," he answered simply. He was a man of few words. "My second has a watch," he added. "Mr. Stanard may look on if he cares to, though we shall each have to rely upon the other's honor mostly. We have no referee."

"I am willing," said Mark. "Let Mr. Harden manage it. And let us be quick. Will you shake hands?"

They shook. And then the "referee" pronounced the word.

"Go!"

And they went, hammer and tongs.

A man who chanced to be strolling along the river bank in the moonlight at three o'clock that July morning would have met with a startling scene. Just picture it to yourself, a quiet glade in the deep shadows of the trees, and in the

centre of it two white half-naked figures battling to the death, landing blows that shook the air. And all in silence and mystery. The two seconds, kneeling in the shadows watching anxiously, feverishly, were hidden from view.

Wright had one advantage over Mark. He had seen him fight, and he knew his method. He knew that in skill and agility Mark was his equal; it was agility that had beaten Billy Williams, the yearlings' choice. And so Wright relying on his strength and training pitched right in, for he and his second had agreed that a "slugging match" was the best way to beat Mallory.

Mark was willing to have it so; time was short, and they might be interrupted any moment. The sooner that unpleasant episode were over the better! And he answered the officer's forward spring by another no less sudden and fierce.

A fight such as that one could not last very long, for human bodies cannot stand many blows as crushing as human arms can deal. The two had leaped in each bent on forcing the other back; and for a moment they swayed, as in a deadlock, landing blow after blow with thuds that woke the stillness of the forest depths. The two seconds sprang forward, staring anxiously. They could scarcely follow the flying white arms, they could not see the effects of the crashes they heard; but they realized that any one of them might end it all, that their man might go down at any moment.

The end came, however, sooner than either had thought. Harden, glancing feverishly at the watch, had counted off the first minute, was counting for the end of the second. He had opened his mouth to call time, when he heard the Parson give a gasp. He looked up just in time to see one of the white figures (they had been bounding all about the inclosure and he knew not which it was) tottering backward from one mighty blow upon the head.

A moment later the figure was lying gasping upon the ground, and Harden sprang forward to see who it was. But he had hardly moved before he heard a shout, and glancing about him, saw a sight that made him start in alarm. The black woods were fairly alive with flitting

white figures. And the figures with one accord were rushing wildly down upon the group.

"Kill 'em! Soak 'em!" was the cry. "Where's that plebe? Hooray!"

It was the baffled first class.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEVEN DEVILS TO THE RESCUE.

Be it said in the first place, for the reader's comfort and relief, that the figure who lay upon the ground stunned and gasping was not that of Mark Mallory. Harden saw that as he turned again, and he groaned. The Parson saw it, too, and uttered a geological and classical exclamation of satisfaction, completely forgetful of his peril at the present moment. And as for Mark, he had known it long ago; he had meant that it should be just so.

The first classmen as they poured in upon the scene, furious and out of breath, took in the situation in one glance. They saw their friend and classmate, the mighty Wright, stretched helpless on the turf, and they knew that Mark Mallory, the hated plebe, had defied them successfully, had outwitted them, and stood now in all his impudence, his purposes completely achieved. And their rage rose to bounds beyond the possibility of description.

But they had him now! Though triumphant, he was in their power, alone with no soul to help him in all that lonely forest! And like so many wild animals they leaped upon him.

You have read of the fury of a mob? And you know what a mob may do? It is far more than any single one of them, any half dozen of them, would ever dream of doing. This mob had everything to urge them on, nothing to restrain them. Had not this plebe tormented their very eyes out? Had they not sworn to punish him within an inch of his life if he dared to fight with their lieutenant? And was not the lieutenant lying there now, half dead, calling upon them for vengeance?

One and all they sprang upon him. The leader seized him roughly by the shoulder, flung him backward; the next moment Mark's arm shot out and the man went down like a log. That made the

crowd still more furious; a dozen of them reached the bold plebe at once, and then there was the wildest kind of a time.

Mark could not tell very clearly what happened; he was vaguely conscious of shouts and imprecations; of flying arms and closely pressing bodies; of blows and kicks that blinded him, stifled him. He himself was striking out right and left, and he felt that he was landing, too. He saw another figure beside him doing likewise, and knew that the gallant old Parson was at his side. And after that his head began to swim; lights danced before his eyes, and his strength began to fail him. He went down, and that was all he knew.

There was no restraining those wild cadets, though fully half among them were manly enough to try. The brute passions of the rest were let loose and there was no stopping them. They still pressed about the two struggling plebes, a crowd roaring for vengeance and satisfaction. And they meant that nothing should prevent their having it, either.

Something did, none the less. And it was something startling and unexpected. The leader will remember that we left the Seven Devils, or what was left of them, hot upon the trail. The Seven Devils were upon the trail still.

They had followed the crowd down the railroad track. The crowd had hired a schooner the day before, having learned that Mallory and Wright were going to attempt to cross the next morning; they had followed in that, and the five under the leadership of Texas had broken the lock on a row-boat they found and pursued the cadets across. They had landed a few minutes later; they had heard the shouts of the crowd; and now, wild and reckless with rage at what they saw, they were rushing from the woods to the rescue.

To the rescue? It bid fair to be a weak attempt, for there were just five to attempt it, and of the others there may have been fifty, maybe a hundred. No one could count them; they were a mob, a wild-eyed, furious mob. But of the unevenness of the conflict the gallant five never once thought. They knew that their leader was in peril, and that it was their business to rescue him. And that was all.

Foremost among them was the wild

Texan and he was a sight to put a hundred in a panic, a sight to rival Hercules and his club. Texas had snatched an oar from the boat, and as he ran he was brandishing that. His hair was ruffled, his face was red, his eyes staring and wild. From his mouth came a series of yells and whoops that made the forest echo. And a moment later he struck the crowd of cadets.

How that mighty oar did cut the air! If it had been a broadsword it could not have swept a clearer furrow. And behind it came the other four, all armed with clubs, making a V formation that was simply irresistible.

So long as the cadets were unarmed the fight was very one-sided, indeed, and the five might have rescued Mark in no time. But quick as a wink one of the cadets stooped and seized a stick; his example was followed instantly, and in half a minute the gallant rescuers were confronted with a score of clubs and assailed by a shower of stones that beat them back in confusion—stalled!

No, not quite! There was one rescuer left, a resource that Texas alone had. Texas had received a cut across the face that made him simply crazy. He dropped the oar, slung his hands around to his hip pockets, and a moment later with two huge six-shooters opened fire point-blank at the crowd.

Powers had done that once before since he had come to West Point. He had gone off on a wild Texas spree, charged out upon the squadron during artillery drill and started to hold up the place. The matter had been smoothed over finally, but ever since it Texas had been feared by the cadets as an even more desperate character than Mark.

It happened that those revolvers held only "blanks." Mark had insisted upon that beforehand, for he knew his friend's sudden temper. But that made no difference to the cadets. When they saw those weapons flash in the pale moonlight, saw them in the hands of that wild-haired, wild-eyed figure, heard the deafening reports and saw the powder flash blindingly in their faces, they turned as one man and fled in terror to the cover of the woods.

And they left their victims lying on the ground!

Texas was not so mad but that he had some cunning left. He saw his chance, and shouted to his companions. The four seized the half-unconscious, sorely-battered pair in their arms, and whirling suddenly, made a dash for the shore. Texas himself scorned to run. He gazed about him defiantly, balancing his revolvers in his hands; and when he saw that the alarmed cadets did not contemplate a sally, he backed slowly through the woods and rejoined the other plebes.

The cadets had not the nerve to face those revolvers again, at least not at once. They did a moment later when they discovered to their horror what the plebes were going to do.

It was a horrible revenge. Instead of going to their own row-boat, the crowd deliberately marched out upon a little dock where the schooner lay. They put their charges into that, and then while the big Texan coolly faced about with his guns, the others seized the two row-boats and deliberately proceeded to tie them on behind.

They were going to leave the whole class stranded!

A yell of fury, of horror, of fright went up from the crowd! Leave them! Impossible! It lacked then two hours of reveille. And for them to be absent meant disgrace, court-martial, dismissal! Wild with alarm the crowd made a dash for the schooner, leaping into the water, running for the dock, shouting and yelling. And ten Texas calmly raised his revolvers, and stood thus, firm and terrible in the clear moonlight.

Before that figure they quailed an instant; that instant was enough. The big vessel swung off from the dock, the night breeze filling her sails. And Texas turned like an antelope and made a leap for the boat.

The crowd saw him land on the stern; they saw the white glistening track bubble up as the vessel glided away; then in blank horror they turned and gazed at each other—lost!

Texas meanwhile, soon as he saw the

boat clear, had but one thought in his devoted mind. He made a dash for Mark and staring in horror and anguish at his white and bloody face, fell to flinging water upon him. And he gasped with relief when he saw Mark open his eyes.

Mark's body was still stripped, and Texas, even Texas, shuddered as he saw the bruises upon it. There was one that made the victim cry out as his friend touched it. And Texas started back in alarm.

"Good lord!" he cried, "his shoulder's broken."

Mark smiled feebly; and at the same instant a chorus of cries rose from the despairing cadets on the shore.

"Tell Mallory we'll leave him alone if he'll come back," was one of them.

"B'gee!" cried Dewey, "did you hear that? What do you say?"

And Mark raised himself with a struggle.

"No, no!" he gasped. "Don't! I mean to fight them."

"Fight them! How can you fight with a broken shoulder?"

"I—I won't tell them its broken!" panted Mark.

"An' durnation!" roared Texas, wildly. "Ef you don't lick 'em I will! Whoop! An' as fo' them cowards on the shore, let 'em get fired an' bust!"

"Bully, b'gee!" echoed Dewey.

And the battered old Parson chimed in with a feeble and gasping "Yea, by Zeus!" while the schooner sailed on in disdainful triumph.

The first class, as it seemed, did not get fired. They ran all the way to Garrison's, the town opposite the Point, and there begged a boat secretly to cross. But the news when it spread next morning made them the laughing stock of all creation. And Mark Mallory, in hospital, was the hero of the whole cadet corps.

[THE END.]

The next novelette by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison will be entitled, "Mark Mallory's Decision; or, Facing a New Danger." Army and Navy No. 22.

TO THE RESCUE.

BY GEORGE P. HOYT.



THE HUSSARS GALLOPED INTO THE CLEARING (page 987).

HUSH! what do I hear? Marcel, there is somebody coming!" And Lebeuf, the game-keeper, crouched among the brushwood and listened, like an old fox.

His mustache was frozen quite stiff with the cold; but he did not mind that in the least. He and Marcel, the blacksmith, had something more serious on hand, else they had never stayed out there all that day, watching the road as if their lives depended on it.

"How many?" said Marcel, in a whisper.

"One, I believe."

"On horseback?"

"No; walking with the step of a young man."

"Then it is not our party," growled the blacksmith, breathing on the fingers which grasped his rifle.

There was a short silence.

"There he is," said Lebeuf suddenly. "Now we shall see."

A spare figure came rapidly out of the wood, eyes glancing sharply to right and left, hands muffled under the skirts of his blue tunic, a kepi, with a band of red cloth round it, on his head, and a cigarette set in one corner of his mouth.

To Marcel's astonishment, the gamekeeper laughed aloud, and the stranger stood still, with his gun thrown forward.

"It is Monsieur Charles," said Lebeuf, getting up

from his knees. "We shall surprise him with our news;" and stepping out of his concealment, he raised a hand in salute, crying: "Welcome, Monsieur Charles, do us the honor to come into the bushes."

The young man sprang lightly over the frozen ditch and scrambled up the bank.

"You are in time, monsieur," said the game-keeper, his eyes twinkling with a stern merriment, which increased the look of mystification on the newcomer's face.

"In time for what, Lebeuf? What is happening?"

"First oblige me, monsieur, by sitting down on this trunk; you are tall enough to be visible at some distance. So; that is better," said the game-keeper. "We are the advance-guard of an ambuscade, the purpose of which more nearly concerns Monsieur Charles than Monsieur Charles can possibly know."

"Speak to the point, my good friend," exclaimed the young fellow. "What's going on? I have hurried six leagues since daybreak to see my father, and must be back to-morrow at the latest."

"You will see Monsieur the Count, your father, in a short time," said Lebeuf, meaningly; "but you will see him in the hands of the Prussians!"

The stranger sprang up; but Lebeuf checked him.

"For his sake, Monsieur Charles, retain your senses. These dogs have done a thing they will regret before sundown. They have taken the count, Pere Alphonse, our good cure, Simon the Maire, and Lagrange the miller, as hostages for the good behavior of the district; they are marching them off into their 'Fatherland' until the war is over. But I and a few of the brave men of the village see things in a different light. As I told monsieur, Marcel and I are the advance-guard of an ambuscade—it is not asking monsieur too much to join us?"

Monsieur Charles ground his white teeth, and reached out a hand to his two companions.

"And my father?" he demanded. "How does he take it, Lebeuf?"

"Like the old lion that he is, monsieur; he roared!" said the game-keeper. "It took five of them to hold him; and, as it was, their captain has no longer any teeth in his front jaw!"

"You mean——"

"That the count knocked them all down his throat!" said the game-keeper, smiling. "Marcel, I hear something again on the road."

They lay low behind the screen of dark bushes, and this time there was an unmistakable clatter of horses in the clear frosty air.

"We shall fire, of course?" whispered Monsieur Charles.

"No, no!" muttered the gamekeeper hurriedly; "the escort is of hussars. They will not ride up into these trees, but pass along close to us. As the prisoners go by, a wood-pigeon will seem to coo in the tree-top three times. I am the pigeon and the prisoners will understand, for they have been warned already. Monsieur recollects the turn in the road behind us? Well, there seven chassespots will open on the rascals; and from the stone cavalry on the other side three more; we run up and take them in the rear, and the thing is done!"

"It is risky for the prisoners," said the young man.

"They must take their chance; a French bullet is better than a German prison," replied Lebeuf.

"And the strength of the escort?"

"Monsieur can count for himself; here they come!"

The clatter of hoofs had been growing louder and louder, and two mounted hussars, with scarlet bushies, bags, and dark overcoats, came at a walk round the bend of the road, carbine on thigh.

A few horse-lengths behind came half a dozen more, chattering noisily, and looking as though the whole world belonged to them, which is rather a German habit when they have the upper hand; then, with a calm dignity, like some seigneur of old walking through his domains—as, in point of fact, he was doing—the count came in sight on foot, Pere Alphonse at his elbow, the maire and the miller immediately behind.

More hussars closed the procession, a few smoking pipes; and one officer was with the party, holding a handkerchief before his mouth.

A cloud of steam from the horses shrouded the party, as if an artist had painted the group and gently blurred it with his finger.

"How many do you make?" whispered Marcel.

"Twenty-five," replied Lebeuf.

Monsieur Charles had not counted. The sight of his father, a veteran of Bugeaud's Algerian campaigns, in such a position had brought tears into his eyes, and Lebeuf, who had watched him closely, laid a hand on his throbbing wrist.

"Listen, do you hear the pigeon," he whispered; and there came, apparently from the trees above them, the muffled, half-frozen cry of a bird disturbed by the marching men.

"Franz, does that remind thee of the valley in the Schwartz Wald?" said one of the hussars.

His comrade took the pipe from his lips and looked up into the branches. He said nothing; but somehow the pipe went out.

The clatter was very loud as they filed past, so loud, that Marcel and Monsieur Charles both glanced instinctively at the gamekeeper. The rascals seemed almost upon them; but the old man lay still until the clatter died away, and, springing to his feet, exclaimed, "Listen!"

The silence of the winter afternoon chained the woods on every side.

One little strip of orange light began to show among the tree trunks in the west, and the sky above seemed closing down over the birch tops.

Then, as they stood on the bank, each with his rifle, each with a heart full of hatred and expectation, each with the breath congealing in a cloud about his face, the sound they were waiting for burst out in one crash of thunder, and went reverberating through the forest.

"After them!" yelled Lebeuf, jumping into the roadway, and tearing after the soldiers.

"To the rescue!" cried Monsieur Charles, lieutenant of mobiles, passing Lebeuf like the wind.

Marcel's exclamation remains in the original French, being quite untranslatable for ears polite.

So, each in his different way, the three men reached the bend in the road, and fired at their mortal foes!

The silent woods resounded with a babel of shouting, the plunge of the horses, the volley of rifles, and, above all, the roar of the count, who had got possession of a sabre and was using it as "they did in Algeria."

Every shot from the ambuscade had told. It was more than they could have hoped for, but the fact remained—ten hussars lay heaped among their horses, and another was dragged in the stirrup as far as

Lagrange's mill, where they buried him the day after; and that is two miles off.

The Prussian officer strove like a brave man to repair the disaster; but the volley in his rear disheartened the troopers. The extent of the ambushade could not be determined, and he gave the order to retire. You see, cavalry in a wood are at a disadvantage.

Then from the trees, from the banks, from the concealed hollows behind the bend in the causeway, a mob of peasants in sabots and blouses came pouring out into the road, chattering like magpies and laughing hysterically as they surrounded the rescued hostages.

"My friends," said the count, taking off his hat, "we thank you. The national honor is safe in the hands of Frenchmen. Return to your homes, quietly and unobserved. We are retiring to a place of shelter until this little affair has blown over, after which we shall emerge, radiant and beaming, to proclaim the glorious—yes, yes, Lebeuf; do not interrupt me—to proclaim, I say—Lebeuf, I beg you to be silent!—to proclaim that—that—Thunder of Napoleon! The rascals are back again!" and the count's eloquence came to a full stop.

Lebeuf, the wary, had stolen quietly to a mound which commanded the road, had seen that the hussars were returning at speed with a large reinforcement, and would be on them in a few minutes.

"To your homes, lads," he cried; "Marcel and I will look to monsieur and the others. Quick, this way; we are safe among the trees in the dusk if they do not see us first!"

A moment later the foremost Prussians swung round the bend in the road, to find only the dark heaps of their own dead scattered on the frozen ground, with the old stone cross stretching its arms above them, and beyond the cross the orange strip fading out of the sky.

"You have found your father in a strange plight, Charles," said the count. "But tell me how on earth you came to be here—your corps surely cannot spare you at a time like this?"

"Nay, the poor lads have marched holes in their feet," laughed the lieutenant, "and Durolle is giving them a day's rest, so I got leave to visit you; but I must return to-morrow and meet them at the cross-roads beyond Verlay."

"I wish Durolle had been here to-day," sighed the count. "I remember him when he was chef d'escadron of Chasseurs;" and the old fellow began to hum the famous Algerian song, "La casquette du Pere Bugeaud," until Lebeuf respectfully suggested that any noise might be attended by serious results.

The party sat very close together in a little log hut, a mile or so from the scene of the conflict. It stood in a forest clearing, and, unless one knew the cart-track used in summer by the wood-cutters, there was small chance of finding it. Still, as the game-keeper muttered to Marcel, "You never know what may happen," so he stood with one ear to a chink in the rough wall, and listened through the whole of the long winter night.

The cure was sleeping soundly, notwithstanding that his seat was a cask of rifle cartridges; father and son sat hand-in-hand, talking over the campaign in which Charles had played a good part for several months; but by degrees their heads nodded, and they joined the mare and the miller, and even Marcel, who slept like a top on the floor.

There was not a sound outside; the grey dawn broke reluctantly, as though the sun were loath to leave his bed, and still the old gamekeeper listened.

There was just light enough outside for him to distinguish the line of the clearing, with the darker gap where the woodcutter's track began, and he was smiling inwardly as he thought of the nights he had spent in the log hut, watching for wolves, when a faint sound, which an ordinary ear would have missed made him bend his lean neck closer to the crevice and stay his breathing.

Something brushed against the rough planks, and he knew there was trouble brewing!

"Great powers!" he said to himself, "The cure has begun to snore!"

"Marcel! Marcel! good, you are awake; there is somebody outside, a man has walked round the hut, touching the walls with his coat; rouse everyone in turn, but no noise!"

A moment later he turned from the crevice again.

"Marcel, what do you think? Herve the sacristan is here with the Prussian officer, standing a yard away; all the village knows he is at outs with Pere Alphonse, but who could have believed this."

Marcel's strong jaws worked in the dark like the gnawing of rats, and he told the others. Again Lebeuf turned.

"Herve is running into the wood and the officer is going to the clearing: I can see his troop waiting there. It is growing lighter—quick, unbar the door carefully and open it a few inches. They will see nothing, but they shall hear and feel."

Marcel drew back the bolt, and the gamekeeper fired!

Baffled once more, the hussars galloped into the clearing. A ringing volley emptied more than one saddle, and the stout door was closed again!

Round and round the log hut they circled, met by a puff of smoke and a tongue of red flame from the loopholes with which it was pierced. Sometimes a daring one would back his horse against the door and spur it until its iron heels thundered on the planks; but Lebeuf killed two or three on the threshold and made a barricade that way.

For hours the game went on, until at length there came a lull, and Monsieur Charles, who was looking out, gave a cry of dismay.

"What is it, my dear son," said the count, closing the breech of his rifle.

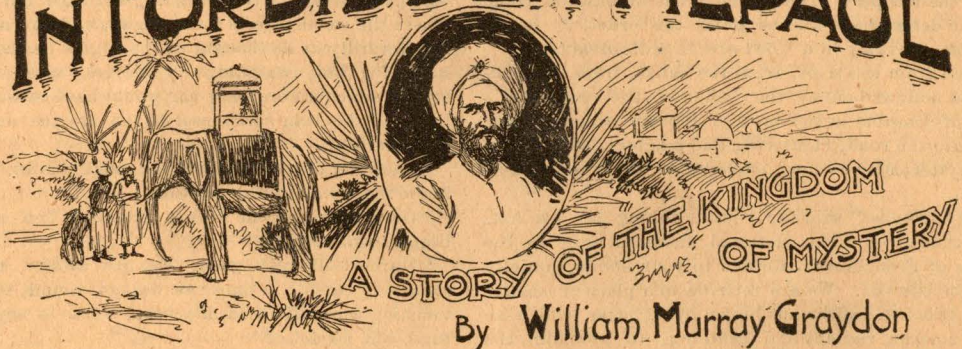
"All is over. They are dismounting twenty men for the attack!"

"We shall die as we have lived," said the old soldier, stoutly. "Cure, you may now pray; for myself, I can end it better in the fresh air;" and he flung the door wide open and stalked out gun in hand, the others following. "My friends, let us sing our swan's song; no Frenchman could have a grander dirge," and he rolled out the first couplet of the *Marseillaise* in a voice that carried it far into the waking woods.

To their absolute stupefaction, the refrain was suddenly taken up by a hundred voices among the trees!

There was a rush of kepis and blue tunics, a withering hail of chassepot bullets, and Colonel Durolle was embracing his old comrade for the first time for twenty years! Which proves that hostages are difficult to get, and when obtained require a deal of keeping!

IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL



Author of "A Legacy of Peril," etc., etc.

("IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL" was commenced in No. 15. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEMON OF THE PURPLE LAKE.

HOLDING their dripping paddles in air, Hawksmoor and Nigel listened breathlessly for a few seconds. Then, in the pale light, they looked at each other with alarmed faces. For Bhagwan Das was right, and the enemy were hot on the trail. Splash! splash! splash!—the sound of many paddles dipping and rising in time floated distinctly over the water.

"Yes, it's a boat," Hawksmoor muttered, as he glanced behind him, "and it's approaching rapidly in our wake, though I can't make it out just yet. By Jove, I didn't expect the scoundrels to overhaul us so soon! It's a bad business, Davenant, I'm afraid."

"If you say so, it must be bad," Nigel assented, grimly, beginning to paddle at a sign from his companion. "But surely we have not been seen yet."

"No; but they may have heard us. At all events, the dawn will betray us in a very few moments."

"Can't we get to shore and hide before then?" Nigel asked.

"It's doubtful," Hawksmoor replied. "What are the chances, Bhagwan Das?"

The Hindoo glanced at the expanding glow of light on the eastern horizon. "We are in the middle of the lake," he declared, "and the dawn is breaking now, sahibs. There is no shelter that we can reach while the darkness lasts."

"Then we'll reach it by daylight," Hawksmoor said savagely. "We'll fight our way to shore—I'm game to the last. Come back here and take my paddle, Bhagwan Das."

The old Hindoo, under the spell of the Englishman's masterly will, obeyed at once; nor did he show the terror that Nigel would have expected of him. He took Hawksmoor's place, and the latter crept further back to the stern, where he calmly drew out and examined his revolver.

"Now paddle hard, both of you," he urged. "Hold on—you are still keeping straight up the lake, Bhagwan Das?"

"There is no other course," replied the Hindoo, "as the sahib will discover very soon."

Hawksmoor made no answer; turning his back to his companions, he watched grimly from his post, pistol in hand. For several minutes Nigel and Bhagwan Das silently and fiercely drove their paddles. The rude craft clove onward at a better speed, a widening wake of foam dancing behind it.

Perspiration trickled down Nigel's face as he plied his paddle, and the imminence of death brought harrowing thoughts to his mind.

Splash! splash! splash! The race went on grimly. Over the distant cliffs the sky turned from white to pink, from pink to a golden red. Then the radiance of the dawn seemed to pierce at a bound the shadows still

overhanging the lake, revealing such a scene of exquisite beauty as drew a murmur of admiration from Nigel. And as he gazed with eager eyes, thinking of nothing else for the moment, a barbarious clamor of voices broke suddenly on the air, ringing over the water with vengeful triumph and ferocity.

"Sahibs, we are lost!" cried Bhagwan Das; and he fell to muttering a prayer to Brahma.

"They have discovered us," said Hawksmoor, "and they seem uncommonly happy over it. But the race is not always to the swift; remember that, and take courage, Davenant. You and Bhagwan Das drive the old tub ahead as best you can. Leave the ruffians to me."

"They'll be up with us in five minutes," Nigel answered, hoarsely. "It's folly to think of beating them to shore."

As he kept time with the Hindoo's strokes he glanced over his shoulder. The pursuing boat was five or six hundred yards behind—a long and narrow craft—and its occupants had now settled silently down to overhauling the fugitives. Six half-naked, swarthy natives were paddling, two each were at bow and stern—ten in all. There was a glimmer of steel weapons here and there, and the party had at least one musket. No other boats were visible to the rear on the sheet of water that stretched far to the granite gateway that marked where the lake ended, and the Kalli river began.

"It's tiresome waiting," said Hawksmoor. "I'm inclined to let you rest a bit—no, go ahead hard. I see what Bhagwan Das is aiming at."

"You don't expect to beat those ruffians off with a few pistol shots?" exclaimed Nigel, half incredulously and half-hopefully.

"I don't know yet," was the cool reply. "I say, Davenant, what a magnificent view this is! The reports I heard were not in the least exaggerated."

Nigel faced about, wondering at Hawksmoor's imperturbable nerve and sang froid. It was quite daylight now, and his eyes drank in the scene greedily and rapturously, even while he remembered the peril that was striding on behind.

"The purple lake of Dacca! It is well named!" he cried. "It is like a dream of Paradise, Hawksmoor. Surely the world holds nothing to compare with it!"

It was indeed a glorious sight— weird, entrancing. The lake, judging hastily from what could be seen of it, was a circular basin about four miles in diameter. The boat was nearly in the middle, and to right and left, in all directions across the placid waters, a girdle of mountains towered sheer upwards for thousands of feet.

"I suppose there is a continuation of the lake yonder? And it is there you are taking us, Bhagwan Das?"

Hawksmoor's voice grated harshly, breaking the spell of enchantment that held Nigel, and reminding

him of the black spectre that marred this lovely Eden. "The larger part of the lake lies behind the mountain," replied the Hindoo, pointing to the promontory, "and there also is the island of the temple, near which is the only place where a boat may land. But we shall never reach it, sahib."

"Perhaps not," said Hawksmoor. "A few moments more will decide our fate. Keep up speed. The nearer we get to the promontory, the better our chances."

Nigel and Bhagwan Das paddled hard, but the strain was telling on them, and the distance between pursued and pursuers rapidly decreased. As the enemy drew nearer they vented their satisfaction by occasional shrill yells. Faster and faster toiled those at the paddles, driving the narrow craft gracefully onward, while the rest made ready their weapons. They evidently expected an easy victory.

Hawksmoor remained perfectly cool, but his companions glanced anxiously over their shoulders from time to time as they kept on paddling. Now the promontory was less than half a mile away, but it might as well have been ten times that far for all the chance there was of reaching it. By a spurt the enemy came within fifty yards. The two natives in the bow, who were armed with muskets, stood up. Loudly and imperiously they hailed the fugitives.

Hawksmoor probably understood the words, but he vouchsafed no reply. He rose a little in the stern of the boat, his right hand toying with his revolver. Bhagwan Das glanced back.

"Be careful lest you fall, sahib," he warned. "There are ravenous crocodiles in the lake—and a worse thing."

"I don't intend to feed the crocodiles," Hawksmoor replied, "and as for the other thing, I don't believe it exists."

"What thing? What do you mean?" Nigel demanded.

The Hindoo shuddered.

"Brahma preserve us from the sight of the monster!" he muttered. "It is better to perish by the sword."

Another imperative summons rang from the pursuing boat, which had drawn a few yards nearer.

"Stick to your paddles," said Hawksmoor. "I'm going to teach these fellows a thing or two now."

As he spoke, the foremost of the two standing natives aimed his musket and fired. The bullet went perilously close to Hawksmoor's ear, and the echoes of the shot were still reverberating when he lifted his pistol and pulled the trigger. Crack! The wretch who had fired first dropped down among his companions and for an instant the paddlers fell into confusion. The boat came on swiftly again, with ferocious shouts from the crew.

"Things look black," admitted Hawksmoor. "They'll be alongside of us before I can kill half of them. They are plucky devils!"

His pistol went up simultaneously with the musket of the other native in the bow. There were two reports—one shrill, the other heavy and thunderous. Hawksmoor had a narrow shave of it, for the musket ball grazed his arm. The revolver bullet, sent with truer aim, sped straight to the forehead of the native. He dropped his weapon, reeled, and pitched to one side into the lake.

What happened next was unexpected and horrible. The boat's own impetus carried it on a few yards, while the crew rested on their paddles, looking back to see what had become of their companion. The poor wretch had sunk immediately, but in a moment or two he came to the top, apparently dead. And like a flash half a dozen black snouts and scaly bodies broke the surface of the water—ravenous crocodiles, drawn that quickly from the depths of the lake by the scent of blood. They splashed and squirmed around Hawksmoor's victim, and in a trice the body was torn to pieces.

More crocodiles rose to right and left of the boat, in front and behind. The natives tried to paddle on, but after making a few yards they had to stop for fear of upsetting. The scaly reptiles barred the way thickly, with open jaws and lashing tails, maddened by the taste and scent of human blood. Heedless of their own danger, Nigel and Bhagwan Das stopped paddling to watch the thrilling scene. The natives were now in confusion, howling with terror, and not knowing what to do or which way to turn.

"By Jove, the crocodiles have saved us!" said Hawksmoor.

"And they are going to give those chaps some trouble," added Nigel.

"Brahma be praised for his mercy!" cried the Hindoo. "But let us get quickly away from this evil spot. We are in great peril, sahibs! Where the crocodiles are drawn by blood, there will also come—"

The voice of Bhagwan Das was drowned by a mighty splash, a shrill, snorting noise, and clamor of blood-curdling yells. And the sight that met the eyes of Nigel and Hawksmoor chilled them with horror. Out of the purple waters of the lake, close to the native boat, and in the very midst of the crocodiles, rose the head of a huge serpent, with eyes like fire, and a forked tongue darting from blood-red jaws. It was followed by coil after coil of a slimy green body, as thick as a small cask.

Hissing and snorting, the monster threw part of its length upon the boat, upsetting it instantly. Then followed a brief and terrible carnival of blood. One by one the shrieking wretches disappeared, while around them the crocodiles splashed and fought, and the gigantic serpent twined its coils like lightning in and out of the heaving mass, hurling spouts of blood and water into the air.

With an inarticulate cry Bhagwan Das fell in a trembling heap to the bottom of the boat, and his companions suddenly realized that they might be the next victims of the monster. Hawksmoor seized the Hindoo's paddle, and he and Nigel frantically drove the craft onward—on and on until strength and breath failed them.

Then, when they were almost under the shadow of the promontory, they let the boat drift at will. Timidly, shaking with such a fear as neither had ever known before they ventured to look back across the lake. But the purple waters now lay calm and placid in the sunlight and the scene of the tragedy was marked by a single floating object—the capsized boat that had so lately held the ten men of Yoga. All had gone to feed the crocodiles and the serpent!

CHAPTER XXI.

FIFTY THOUSAND RUPEES REWARD.

Bhagwan Das still cowered limply in the bottom of the boat, his face buried in his arms, and the rousing of him from that state of abject terror proved no easy task, even for Hawksmoor. But when the Hindoo was convinced that the monster was not in sight, and that the spot where he had appeared was nearly half a mile away, he grew calmer. Finally he was induced to take his old place at the bow, and to instruct his companions as to the course they should paddle, but of the serpent he doggedly refused to speak, the bare mention of it bringing a wild gleam of fright to his eyes; so Hawksmoor, in a low tone of voice, told Nigel what little he knew.

"I confess I could not believe in the existence of such monsters," he said, "any more than I believed in the fabled sea-serpent. Of course, I am satisfied now that the tales related to me by Bhagwan Das and Ali Mirza were true—we have just had ocular proof of that."

"Yes, the clearest kind of proof," said Nigel, with a shudder. "That scene will haunt me forever! Are there more than one of the monsters in the lake?"

"There are said to be quite a number, Davenant. For centuries they have inhabited these waters, and they are regarded as sacred—as the protectors and guardians of the monastery. They have claimed numerous victims from time to time, and it seems that years ago Bhagwan Das narrowly escaped being devoured by one of the creatures, which accounts for his mortal fear of them."

Nigel shivered again.

"It was a frightful-looking monster," he said. "I shan't feel safe as long as we are on the lake."

"But the serpent saved us, with the help of the crocodiles," replied Hawksmoor. "I don't mind admitting that we were in a tight place just then. It was a lucky escape—"

"At a cost of ten lives," interrupted Nigel. "It is horrible! A curse seems to follow us, Hawksmoor. The roll of the dead piles up. I can't help feeling that a terrible retribution will be exacted of us for all this bloodshed, powerless though we were to prevent it."

We were fools, both of us, for venturing into Nepaul."

Hawksmoor shrugged his shoulders. "Could we be here on a better mission—one more likely to win us the favor and help of Providence?" he asked. "Is Miss Brabazon's life of less value than the lives of these native dogs?"

"No, you are right!" exclaimed Nigel. "I forgot for the moment—my nerves have been unstrung. I would wade through blood to save Muriel Brabazon. It fairly drives me mad to think of her terrible situation—of what her fate may be!"

He spoke more passionately than he intended, and a deep flush crimsoned his cheeks—a sign that suddenly revealed a certain fact to Hawksmoor's keen mind. A hard look came into his eyes, and he glanced furtively, almost menacingly at Nigel.

Just then Bhagwan Das spoke: "Paddle to the left, sahibs."

They looked up to see that the boat had rounded the promontory—between which and the opposite-lying shore was a water passage no more than five hundred yards wide—and that which lay beyond was in plain sight. It was a transformation scene, and Nigel uttered a cry of pleasure. Here was a much larger portion of the lake of Dacca, hemmed in by similar towering mountain walls, about three miles wide, and extending to the eye, six or seven miles. It curved slightly, indicating a probable further extent of water beyond the range of vision.

Tiny islands, richly wooded, were dotted about, and in all directions the cliff barriers fell sheer from a dizzy altitude, and with unbroken front. The solitude was impressive—there was no sign of beast, bird, or man. And the wonderful purple coloring was still the same; with a sparkling brilliance added by the rays of the sun it bathed water, islands and rocky ramparts.

Hawksmoor and Nigel paddled on according to the Hindoo's instructions, and their searching eyes soon made an interesting discovery. At one spot only, a mile or more to the left around the curving base of the promontory, there was a dark split from top to bottom of the lofty precipice. And just here a little island, with white ruins gleaming amid the vegetation, lay close alongside the shore.

"Is yonder spot where we are to meet Ali Mirza?" Hawksmoor asked.

"Yes; that is the island of the temple," said Bhagwan Das. "We will come to it presently, sahibs. It is safer to paddle a course close to land."

"And where lies the monastery?" continued Hawksmoor.

"About four miles around yonder bend," was the reply; and the Hindoo pointed up the lake. "There is much more water than the sahibs can see."

"Yes, I thought so," muttered Hawksmoor. "Paddle faster, Davenant; we are late for the appointment. I hope Ali Mirza won't disappoint us."

Swiftly the boat glided through the calm purple waters, keeping to the longer but more prudent course by way of the curving shore-line. Nearer and nearer came the tiny patch of island, until the ruined temple that occupied half of it could be plainly seen. But still there was no trace of Ali Mirza, who should long since have arrived if all was well with him.

Hawksmoor's expression was moody and worried as the paddle strokes sent the boat drifting into the narrow passage, barely ten yards wide, between the island and the shore. On the one side the broken and crumbling steps of the temple; on the other was the shallow mouth of the gorge—a sort of a ravine, that led back into the dark depths between two towering walls of granite, and through which a tiny stream trickled over ragged boulders and amid rank vegetation and trees until it fell splashing into the lake.

"This is the appointed place," said Bhagwan Das; "but he whom we seek is not here, sahibs."

"Perhaps he grew tired of waiting for us," suggested Nigel.

"No, something is wrong," said Hawksmoor. "It looks bad, Davenant. I am afraid Ali Mirza has been captured, and in that event threats and torture would have made him betray us and wrung from him all that he knew."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Nigel. "Do you think it possible—"

"Salaam, sahibs! By the gracious favor of Brahma, I am here as I promised."

The voice was Ali Mirza's, and with the words that lean and wiry little man stepped from a clump of

bushes to a flat stone at the margin of the lake. He was breathing hard, as though winded, and there was a haggard and anxious look on his usually stolid features.

"You are late," Hawksmoor said, curtly, as he paddled the boat to the stone and climbed out on it with his companions.

"I was delayed," Ali Mirza answered. "For a part of the way from Yoga I feared that I was being followed."

"By Jove! And were you?"

The Hindoo shook his head.

"I must have been deceived, sahib, for though I hid myself at times to watch, I saw no sign of a spy. If there was one, surely he turned back before I left the hill-path to climb down to the lake. But you also are late, sahibs. You have met with danger on the way—I can read it in your faces. Is it not so?"

"It is even so," Hawksmoor replied; and in a few words he gave an account of the pursuit and of the fate of the ten natives. The gravity of Ali Mirza's countenance deepened as he listened, and his eyes shone with terror when he heard of the great serpent.

"You have been mercifully preserved," he said, "both on the lake and in the mountain passage—of that fight I learned from those who returned alive. But great is your peril now, and I know not what to bid you do. Was there but the one boat in pursuit?"

"Only the one," said Hawksmoor, "and of the crew none survive."

"You saw no others following?"

"No; the lake was empty as far as the river," muttered Hawksmoor. "But have done with this questioning, Ali Mirza. Tell us the news from Yoga."

"You shall hear it, sahibs," the Hindoo replied, "and then I must go back, as I came in haste, lest peril befall me and so come upon you also. The report may be made in a few words. By cunning I got away after I left you, and none suspect that I was at the Durbar House with those who attacked the Prime Minister. The high priest, Vashtu, returns this morning to the monastery—"

"And Matadeen Mir," broke in Nigel—"is he alive?"

"He lives, sahib, and lies now sorely hurt in the town," said Ali Mirza. "He hath his senses, they say, but assuredly he will never be a handsome man again. And he is mad for revenge. Already he has sent messengers to Katmandu with letters for Pershad Singh, and he has proclaimed a reward of fifty thousand rupees for your capture."

"Fifty thousand rupees!" exclaimed Hawksmoor. "Jove, what a tempting—"

"Hist!" interrupted Bhagwan Das, holding up a warning hand; and as he spoke the sharp and unmistakable snapping of dried twigs was heard at no great distance behind the stone on which the group were standing.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE GREAT WHITE ROAD.

Bhagwan Das had sharp ears, but those of Ali Mirza were sharper. The little Hindoo had been the first to detect the suspicious noise, and already, while his companions looked at one another in dazed alarm, he had grasped the situation and was prompt to act. A dangerous light gleamed in his eyes, and a keen-bladed knife flashed out from his kummerbund. With a low exclamation of anger, and with panther-like tread and swiftness, he turned and darted into the thick vegetation.

His companions stared for a moment at the spot where he had vanished. They heard the rustling of undergrowth, the rapid tread of feet over twigs and loose stones. Then came the sounds of a scuffle close by—two snarling voices, a savage imprecation, followed by a shrill cry of agony and a muffled fall. After that there was silence.

"Some one is done for!" muttered Nigel.

"I hope it's not Ali Mirza," exclaimed Hawksmoor. "Come along—quick!"

Revolver in hand, he dashed into the thicket, Nigel and Bhagwan Das at his heels. They had not far to go. A dozen strides brought them to a bit of open ground by the side of the stream, and from the tangle of grass and rocks beyond this emerged Ali Mirza, coolly dragging the body of his victim after him.

"By Jove, so there was a spy dogging you!" said Hawksmoor.

The man was just breathing his last, and blood was trickling over his quivering breast from two ugly wounds near the heart. He was a middle-aged native, scantily and poorly clad, unarmed, and with a repulsive cast of features.

"Do you know him?" Hawksmoor asked.

"He comes from Yoga, sahib, but he is a stranger to me," Ali Mirza replied, as he stooped over the stream to rinse his dripping knife and to wash some blood stains from his arms and chest. "The dog has paid dearly for his folly. He ran at first, but I was too swift for him; then he turned at bay, and after a short struggle I drove my knife twice into his heart."

"You had better taken him alive," Hawksmoor said, sharply. "Now his lips are forever sealed. He might have told why he followed you, or who sent him."

"None sent him—I am sure of that," Ali Mirza muttered, sullenly. "Doubtless he saw me leaving the town at an early hour, and that roused his suspicions."

"Very likely," assented Hawksmoor. "I hope you are right. So you don't fear to return to Yoga?"

"No, sahib. Dead men tell no tales."

"How about the fellow who discovered us last night at the Durbar House?" Hawksmoor asked, with sudden suspicion—"the one who pounced on you in the passage?"

"He lies near to death, I have heard," Ali Mirza said, grimly. "We battered his head on the stones, sahib."

"He could not have recognized you?"

"That was impossible," Ali Mirza answered, as he dragged the body of his victim into the tall grass and covered it over carefully. "Let the dog rot there!" he added. "And now be quick to speak what things are in your hearts, sahibs. It is important that I return soon to Yoga, and that you seek a place of hiding. Are you still of a mind to enter the sacred monastery—to try to rescue the men, sahib?"

"You think the plan still promises well?" Hawksmoor demanded, eagerly.

"Where could you hope to find greater safety at the present time?" Ali Mirza answered. "Fifty thousand rupees are offered for your capture, and from end to end of the kingdom the search will be hot. Already there are many boats on the Kalli river, some going down towards the Vishnumati, and others doubtless making for the lake; and ere the day is over there will be troops of horse soldiers in Yoga, sent hastily from Katmandu by Pershad Singh."

"There is a wise head on your shoulders, Ali Mirza," Hawksmoor spoke up. "You are right! None will dream of seeking for us among those who bear offerings to-morrow to the priests of Durgadeva; it will not even be known that we fled in this direction."

Ali Mirza nodded gravely.

"Be well disguised; all depends on that," he said. "Leave no trace of your landing here, and see that you keep in close hiding till nightfall. Bhagwan Das will guide you to the great highway, and do what else is needful."

"Yes, I understand all that," replied Hawksmoor. "And you are prepared to carry out your part of the bargain?"

"I swear it, by the hoary head of Mahadera!" said Ali Mirza. "I will put food and clothing for you on the Island of the Evil Spirit, which I shall visit on a day in each week to the number of four. If you have not come by then, I will know you are dead."

"God willing, we will bring the men, sahib to the island ere a week is past," replied Hawksmoor; "and we will look to you to smuggle us across the frontier of Nepal. If we come not, you will tell our fate to the English in Lower India?"

"Yes, sahib," affirmed the Hindoo; and it was evident that he expected to be called on to fulfil that promise.

Hawksmoor turned to Nigel.

"You have heard all—you understand all," he said. "It is a perilous quest, Davenant, and the odds are fearfully against us. I offer you one more chance to withdraw. I daresay Ali Mirza can smuggle you in disguise out of the country."

"Have I given you any reason to think that I would turn coward at the last?" Nigel asked, resentfully. "I despise and reject your offer. I will follow you to success or failure. I will save Muriel Brabazon, or I will yield my life in the attempt."

"So be it, my brave and tried comrade," said Hawksmoor. "I knew what your answer would be. The die is cast, and we stand on the threshold of the most daring undertaking man ever conceived—two Englishmen pitted against a horde of fanatical priests."

"But with Heaven and right on our side," Nigel added.

Ali Mirza, after a brief and whispered conversation with Hawksmoor and Bhagwan Das, disappeared as suddenly as he had come, taking with him the best wishes of his companions for a safe return to Yoga. Then the boat was emptied and concealed, a hurried breakfast was eaten, and the little party of three, burdened with luggage, filed half a mile back into the gloomy ravine. Amid great boulders they choose a safe shelter, and there, while the day lengthened, they slept the dreamless sleep of exhausted men.

It was the first of the three days of offering—those monthly periods cunningly ordained in times past by the priests of Durgadeva so that, while they neither did toil nor spin, they might live like epicures on the fat of the land. The morning was young yet, and the slowly-rising sun beat down fiercely on the great highway connecting the sacred town of Yoga and the monastery—a road composed of great blocks of white stone and rock cuttings, the recently-finished labor of centuries, built with incredible skill and utter disregard of natural obstacles. Truly a wonderful piece of engineering! The world had seen nothing like it, for in comparison the feats of the ancient Peruvians must have sunk into contempt.

By a common understanding the tribute fell each month on the inhabitants of different parts of Nepaul, and so no great numbers wended their way to the monastery. Again, this was the first day, when the procession was always smaller than on the two succeeding ones. Singly or in scattered groups, under the fiery heat, the gift-bearing pilgrims plodded along the stone causeway. A few were women, a few half-grown children, but the most were men of mature years. They were of every station, these natives of Nepaul—humble ryots (farmers) in mean dress, fighting men with red kummerbunds, itinerant hawkers of merchandise, head men of villages, prosperous-looking zemindars, or landowners, and a sprinkling of Goorkha soldiers. On the topmost coils of their turbans, or under their arms, they bore the gifts intended to be laid at the shrine of Durgadeva—fruits, grains, cakes of various kinds, living fowls, haunches of freshly-killed meat, and earthen jars containing the wine of the country. On they pressed steadily, for at the hour of noon the gates would be thrown open to receive them into the court.

At a certain place within six miles of the monastery, where the massive highway spanned a deep gorge, three men squatted in the shadow of the parapet, as though resting after a lengthy journey in the hot sun. They looked dusty and travel-worn, and their turbans and clothing of white muslin, their greased hair and dark, intelligent features proclaimed them to be natives of an intermediate class. Beside them lay their offerings—a tray of fruit, a flagon of wine, and a brace of fowls tied to a stick.

For a time the three stolidly watched the motley procession passing by, glancing with disdain at the low-caste ryots and peasants, salaming to those of equal rank with themselves, and bowing servilely low when once a native potentate of wealth and importance shambled along on a gorgeously-caparisoned elephant—a fat, haughty-looking man wearing chain-armor and a helmet of Moorish form, and seated in a howdah that was covered with cloth of gold and fringed with purple drapery and strings of pearls. He was attended by an armed escort, and by a string of followers laden with the best that the kingdom of Nepaul could produce.

A little longer the three men lingered in the grateful shade of the parapet, until they saw that the sun was mounting high, and that the long white road was more empty than it had been. Then at a word from one of them they rose, took up their burdens, and trudged slowly along in the direction of the monastery. And the three were Bhagwan Das, Travers Hawksmoor and Nigel Davenant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEAN DUNHAM;

OR, THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "The \$500 Check," etc.

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("DEAN DUNHAM" was commenced in No. 10. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED.



ON return to Denver, where business required Dean and Ben Rawson to remain two or three days. Eben Jones was too impatient to reach home to bear them company, but started at once for Connecticut. Rawson and Dean secured a large room in the leading hotel, which they made their headquarters.

Denver was at that time far from being the handsome city it has since become. Society was mixed, and the visitors who were continually arriving and departing embraced all sorts and conditions of men. There was no small sprinkling of adventurers, both good and bad, and it was necessary for the traveler to be wary and prudent, lest he should fall a prey to those of the latter kind.

The second night our two friends retired late, having passed a busy and as it proved profitable day, for it was on that day Dean effected his purchase of lots already referred to.

"I feel fagged out, Dean," said Rawson, as he prepared for bed. "I have been working harder than I did at the mines."

"I am tired too, but I have passed a pleasant day," said Dean. "I think I would rather live here than at the mines."

"You can have your choice when you return, but for my part I like the mines. I prefer the freedom of the mining camp to the restraints of the city."

"There isn't much restraint that I can see."

"There will be. Five years hence Denver will be a compact city."

"In that case my lots will have risen in value."

"No doubt of it. You have made a good purchase. But what I was going to say is this. I am so dead tired that it would take an earthquake to wake me. Now, as you know, we have considerable money in the room, besides what we have outside. Suppose some thief entered our room in the night!"

"I wake easily," said Dean.

"That is lucky. There's a fellow with a hang-dog look rooms just opposite, whose appearance I don't like. I have caught him spying about and watching us closely. I think he is after our money."

"What is his appearance, Ben?"

"He has red hair and a red beard. There is something in his expression that looks familiar, but I can't place him. I feel sure at any rate that he is a dangerous man."

"I haven't noticed him, Rawson."

"I have got it into my head somehow that he will try to enter our room when we are asleep."

"But the door is locked."

"If the man is a professional, he will be able to get in in spite of that. Now, Dean, I want you to take my revolver and put it under your pillow, to use in case it should be necessary. Of course you will wake me also in case of a visit."

"Very well, Ben."

The two undressed and got into bed. There were

two beds in the room, the smaller one being occupied by Dean. This was placed over against the window, while Rawson's was closer to the door, on the right.

Dean, as well as Rawson, was tired, and soon fell asleep. But for some reason his sleep was troubled. He tossed about, and dreamed bad dreams. It might have been the conversation that had taken place between Rawson and himself, which shaped the dreams that disturbed him.

It seemed to him that a man had entered the room, and was rifling Rawson's pockets. The dream excited him so much that it awakened him, and none too soon, for there, bending over the chair on which Rawson had thrown his clothes, was the very man whom his companion had described. The moonlight that flooded the room revealed him clearly, with his red hair and beard, just as he had presented himself to Dean in his dreams.

Dean rose to a sitting posture, and quietly drew out the revolver from underneath his pillow.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded. The intruder started, and, turning quickly, fixed his eyes upon Dean. He didn't appear so much alarmed as angry at the interruption.

"Lie down, and keep still, if you know what's good for yourself, kid!" he said, in a menacing tone.

"And let you rob my friend? Not much!" said Dean, boldly. "Lay down those clothes!"

"When I get ready."

"I command you to lay them down!" said Dean, boldly.

"I'll wring your neck if you don't keep quiet," said the robber, quietly.

"Rawson!" cried Dean raising his voice.

"Confusion!" muttered the thief, as, dropping his booty, he took a step towards Dean's bed.

"Look out for yourself!" said Dean, in a tone of warning. "Come nearer and I fire!"

Then for the first time the intruder noticed that the boy was armed. He drew back cautiously.

Just then Rawson asked sleepily, "What's the matter, Dean?"

"Wake up, Rawson, quick!" said Dean.

Ben Rawson opened his eyes, and took in the situation at once. He sprang from the bed, and placed himself between the thief and the door.

"Let me go!" exclaimed the intruder, as he made a dash forward, only to be seized by the powerful miner.

"Now let me know who you are, and whether you have taken anything," he said, resolutely. "Dean, let us have some light."

The thief struggled to escape, but in vain. His captor was stronger than himself. Dean lighted the gas and both scrutinized the thief closely. Then a light flashed upon Dean.

"I know him in spite of his false hair and beard," he said. "It's Peter Kirby."

Rawson pulled off the disguise, and Kirby stood revealed.

"Yes, it's Kirby!" he said, doggedly. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Put you in the hands of the police," answered Rawson, coolly.

Kirby made silent a moment, and then said:

"I'll make it worth your while to let me go."

"How?" asked Rawson, briefly.

"That boy's uncle was robbed near a year since of a thousand dollars. I can tell him the name of the thief."

"Was it Squire Bates?" asked Dean, eagerly.

"Till my safety is assured I can tell nothing."

"Can you enable me to recover the money?"

"I can. I will be willing to make a statement, and swear to it before a magistrate."

"Is not Squire Bates the head of a gang of robbers?"

"I am not prepared to say. I will do what I agreed."

Rawson and Dean conferred together briefly, and decided to release Kirby on the terms proposed. But it was necessary to wait till morning, and they didn't dare to release him. They tied the villain hand and foot, and kept him in this condition till daylight. Then they took him before a magistrate, his statement was written out and sworn to, and they released him.

"I wouldn't have done this," said Kirby, "if Bates had treated me right; but he has been working against me, and I have sworn to get even."

Dean did not trouble himself about Kirby's motives, but he was overjoyed to think that through his means the mystery at Waterford had been solved at last, and his uncle would recover his property.

"Now I shall go home happy," he said to Rawson, "for I shall carry happiness to my good uncle and aunt."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ADIN DUNHAM'S TROUBLE.

Arriving in New York, Dean was tempted to buy a handsome suit of clothes, being fully able to spare the money. But on second thought he contented himself with purchasing a cheap, ready-made suit at one of the large clothing stores on the Bowery. He wanted to surprise his uncle and aunt. Besides, he wished to see what kind of a reception his old friends would give him if he appeared in shabby attire and apparent poverty. He could let them know the truth later on.

The evening before his arrival in Waterford Adin Dunham had another call from Squire Bates.

"Have you got my interest ready, neighbor Dunham?" he inquired.

"No, squire; I can give you a part of it, as I told you the other day."

"That will not answer," said Bates in an uncompromising tone. "I need the money at once. Some of my recent investments have paid me poorly, and though I would like to be considerate I cannot favor you."

"I will try to borrow the money. Perhaps Dean can let me have twenty dollars."

"Dean!" repeated Squire Bates with a sneer. "Do you think I can wait till you hear from him?"

"I have heard from him," answered the carpenter.

"You have heard from your nephew! Where is he?" Squire Bates asked in surprise.

"Here is his letter. It came to hand this morning."

Squire Bates took the proffered letter and read as follows:

New York, July 15.

Dear Uncle and Aunt:—I have got so far on my way home from the West. I will remain here a day or two. Perhaps I can hear of a place, as I suppose there is nothing for me to do in Waterford. I think I shall be with you on Saturday.

Your affectionate nephew,
Dean Dunham.

"He doesn't appear to have made his fortune," said the squire, handing back the letter to the carpenter.

"He doesn't say whether he has prospered or not."

"If he had he wouldn't be looking for a boy's position in New York."

"Very likely you're right, Squire Bates. It's something that he has been able to get home to his friends."

"Wait till you've seen him," said the squire, significantly. "He will probably return home in rags."

"Even if he does he will be welcome," rejoined the carpenter warmly. "Even if he comes home without

a penny, he won't lack for a welcome, will he, Sarah?"

"I should think not, Adin," said his wife in mild indignation.

"That is all very pretty and sentimental," said the squire. "Perhaps you have a fatted calf to kill for the returning prodigal."

"Dean never was a prodigal," answered Adin Dunham. "If your friend had treated him well he might have had some money to return with. It wasn't a very creditable thing to throw the poor boy upon his own resources so far away from home."

"We spoke on that subject yesterday, and I distinctly told you that Mr. Kirby had a very good reason to discharge Dean. You didn't agree with me. I suppose it is natural to stand up for your own. However, I will give you three days to make up the interest. That will carry us to Monday. But I shall also require you to pay the mortgage, or else accept my offer for the place. I will give you another week to do that."

Squire Bates went out of the room, leaving Adin and Sarah Dunham in some trouble of mind. There seemed to be no help for it. They must be dispossessed of what had been their home for many years.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

Just before leaving Denver, Dean, in passing through Lawrence street, came upon a boy, miserably clad, who held in his hand a few daily papers which he was trying to sell. There was something in the boy's face that looked familiar.

"Guy Gladstone!" he exclaimed in great surprise.

"Dean Dunham!" replied Guy, looking both pleased and ashamed.

"How came you here? I thought you were hunting Indians on the prairies."

Guy blushed scarlet.

"Don't say a word about it!" he replied. "I was a fool and I have suffered for my folly."

"Tell me about it."

"I got out of money and have nearly starved. I have done anything I could to make a little money. I have blacked boots, set up pins in a bowling alley, and now I am selling papers."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I would if I had the money."

"Then you shall have the money. I start East tomorrow, and I will take you along with me."

"Then you have prospered?" asked the wondering Guy.

"Yes, but not all the time. I have seen hard times, too. Mr. Kirby discharged me, and I lived some time by giving concerts on the harmonica."

"Really and truly!"

"Yes," answered Dean, laughing. "I don't wonder you are surprised. But here, give away your papers to that newsboy across the street and come to my hotel."

"But I haven't any money."

"I have enough for both."

Dean had the pleasure of restoring Guy to his family, who received him kindly. It is safe to say that he will never again go West in quest of Indians.

A little before noon on Saturday Dean reached Waterford, and walked home. On the way he met Brandon Bates.

"Halloa, so you're back!" said Brandon, eyeing him curiously.

"Yes, Brandon. Thank you for your warm welcome."

"I didn't mean to give you a warm welcome," said Brandon, ungraciously.

"I beg your pardon; I made a mistake."

"I suppose you came home without a cent."

"You're mistaken. I've got over a dollar in my pocket."

"What's a dollar?" sneered Brandon.

"It isn't much, to be sure."

"You won't hear very good news at your uncle's."

"Why? Is he sick—or my aunt?" asked Dean, uneasily.

"No, but he can't pay the mortgage, and my father's going to take possession of the place."

"Oh, is that all?" said Dean, relieved.

"I should think it was enough."

"Oh, perhaps your father will think better of it, as

I am at home now and can help Uncle Adin pay it off."

"What can you do?" asked Brandon, mockingly.

"That's the great question. However, I'm in a hurry to get home, and must leave you. You are kind to be so much interested in me, Brandon."

"I'm not interested in you at all," returned Brandon, tartly.

Dean laughed and passed on.

"That boy's as impudent as ever," soliloquized Brandon. "He'll feel differently on Monday."

In the joy of seeing Dean again his uncle and aunt lost sight for a time of their troubles, but after a while Adin Dunham said gravely, "It's well you came home as you did, Dean, for the old home is about to pass from me."

"How is that, Uncle Adin?"

"Squire Bates is going to foreclose the mortgage. He offers to buy the place and give me eight hundred dollars over and above what I owe him."

"Of course you declined?"

"It will do no good. I must yield to necessity."

"Squire Bates shall never have the place," said Dean, resolutely.

"Who will prevent it?"

"I will."

"But, Dean, what power have you? The squire is firmly resolved."

"So am I."

"But——"

"Uncle Adin, ask me no questions, but rest easy in the thought that you won't lose your home. Leave the matter in my hands. That is all you need to do."

"Sarah, what does the boy mean?"

"He means something, Adin. We may as well leave it in his hands as he asks."

"Very well, I don't know as he can do any harm—or good."

"That remains to be seen, uncle."

Dean went to church on Sunday, and received a warm welcome from nearly all the congregation, for he was popular with those of all ages. He wore a smiling, untroubled look which puzzled Squire Bates and Brandon.

"Does he know that I am going to foreclose the mortgage?" asked the squire of Brandon.

"Yes, for I told him."

"It seems strange that he should be so cheerful."

"He won't be—to-morrow."

"No, I apprehend not."

When Squire Bates called at the carpenter's modest home Dean opened the door, and invited him into the sitting-room, where the two found themselves alone.

"I want to see your uncle," said the squire.

"If it's about the mortgage, I will attend to that matter."

"You—a boy?"

"Yes, I feel competent to settle the matter."

"There is only one way of settling it, by paying the money."

"I propose to pay it as soon as——"

"Well, as soon as what?"

"As soon as you restore to my uncle, with interest, the thousand dollars you stole from him nearly a year since."

"What do you mean by this insolence?" demanded Squire Bates, springing to his feet and glaring at Dean.

"I mean," answered Dean, slowly, "that I have the sworn testimony of Peter Kirby, given me at Denver, implicating you in that robbery."

"Show it to me," said the squire, turning livid.

"Here is a copy. The original is in the hands of a New York lawyer."

Squire Bates took the paper in his trembling fingers, and read it deliberately.

"This is a lie!" he exclaimed, hoarsely.

"The matter can come before the courts if you wish it. My uncle recognized you at the time of the robbery, but no one would believe his testimony. Fortunately, it will be substantiated now."

"But this is the most utter absurdity. Does anybody believe that a man of my reputation would be implicated in a highway robbery?"

"They will find it equally hard to believe that you are the captain of a band of robbers with headquarters in Colorado. I have been in the cave where your booty is concealed, and know what I am talking about."

After fifteen minutes more the squire capitulated, only making it a condition that Dean would keep secret the serious discoveries which he had made.

"I will do so, unless I am summoned to testify in court," said Dean.

"Leave me to explain matters to your uncle," said the squire.

Dean called the carpenter into the room.

"Mr. Dunham," said Squire Bates, with his old suavity, "I have arranged matters satisfactorily with your nephew. He has recovered the large sum of which you were robbed a year ago, and paid the mortgage, or is prepared to do so. Dean, if you will accompany me to my office we will arrange this affair."

"But, who stole the money?" asked Adin Dunham, bewildered.

"I promised not to tell," said Dean. "Was I right?"

"Yes, yes, as long as you got the money back."

Dean received the mortgage back canceled, and something over two hundred dollars besides, which he placed in his uncle's hands. Adin Dunham looked ten years younger, and his face was radiant. His joy was increased when Dean told him how he had prospered out West, and gave his aunt five hundred dollars, reserving for himself the remainder of the thousand which he had brought home.

Two months later Dean returned to Denver to find that his lots had considerably increased in value. Gradually he sold them off for twice what he paid, and entered business in the Queen City of Colorado.

Squire Bates soon removed from Waterford, and the villagers have heard nothing of him since. But Dean could tell them that his connection with the band of robbers was discovered, and that he is, upon conviction, serving a protracted term in a Western prison. What has become of Brandon or his mother is not known to the general public, but it is less than a year since Dean, while leaving the Denver postoffice, was accosted by a shabbily dressed young man who asked for assistance.

"Are you not Brandon Bates?" asked Dean, after a brief glance.

Brandon was about to hurry away, but Dean detained him.

"Don't go," he said. "I am glad to help you," and he placed two gold eagles in the hands of the astonished Brandon.

"Come to me again if you are in need," said Dean in a friendly manner.

"Thank you! I didn't expect this from you," said Brandon. "I thought you would triumph over me."

"If I did I should show myself unworthy of the good fortune that has come to me. I wish you good luck."

That was the last Dean has seen of Brandon. Let us hope that he will deserve good luck, and attain it.

Adin Dunham still lives, happy in the companionship of his good wife, and the prosperity of his nephew. But there is one thing, that puzzles him. He has never been able to solve the Waterford mystery.

[THE END.]





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("TOM FENWICK'S FORTUNE" was commenced in No. 19. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in the western mining town of Lodeville. "Tom," a lad of seventeen, employed as a helper at Bixton's hotel is discovered, by means of a handbill from the east, to be a runaway for whom a reward of five thousand dollars has been offered. Tom overhears the reading of the bill and escapes from town on the horse of a Mexican desperado named Montez. He encounters a girl on the road who is being tormented by a band of vagrant Indians. He rescues her, but is overtaken by Montez at the head of a number of citizens. Tom is charged with the grave crime of horse-stealing and is taken back to Lodeville and imprisoned in the town lockup. Dolly Bruton, the girl, promises to persuade her father to come to his assistance. Mr. Bruton appears, and Tom tells his story. After promising to do what he can to have him released, the cattle-owner leaves. At nightfall a lad named Phil Amsted appears and helps Tom to escape from the lockup. The two boys slip from town and eventually meet Dolly Bruton who is leading two broncos.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE HOME RANCH.

PHIL sent a shrill whistle echoing through the morning stillness. Five minutes later, and Dolly was smiling down at the two friends from her saddle—flushed with excitement and presumable pleasure.

"I knew you'd manage it, Phil," she cried, joyfully—holding out her hand to Tom as she spoke. "You can tell me all about it, though, as we ride back. Don't he make a splendid ducky, Mr. Fenwick?"

"He does indeed," laughed Tom, unwillingly relinquishing her brown fingers—"but I wish you'd both call me Tom. I'm more used to it."

"Very well," was the frankly unconventional reply, "it's ever so much easier. But here are your horses—hop on. I shan't feel you're safe till you're both inside the ranch."

The Home Ranch, which the three riders reached a few minutes later, was a most unique looking structure. Tom thought it looked more like a fortress than a dwelling.

Dolly explained as the three rode into a wide inclosure flanked on either side by straggling out-buildings, that their home was originally a small monastery built nearly a century before by the Jesuit fathers, after the manner of those plentifully scattered through New Mexico and Lower California.

The four walls of "doby" (adobe) were arranged in the form of a quadrangle—the interior being a patio, or courtyard, in true Mexican style.

A score of dogs—collies, St. Bernards, and hounds—rushed out to greet the new arrivals. Half a dozen ranchers and helpers drove them back, and led away the horses after the three had dismounted.

"You're heartily welcome, my lad," was John Bruton's brief though cordial greeting as, having smiled at Dolly and nodded approvingly at his erratic nephew, he shook Tom's hand with a hearty cordiality adding weight to his words.

Very tamely Tom endeavored to express his gratitude for what had been done for him, but was peremptorily forbidden to say more. Then, on receipt of a message from his boss herder, Mr. Bruton rode off, leaving the young people to their own devices.

These were very simple. Dolly slipped away to give certain orders to the fat mulatto cook, after which she reappeared on the veranda. Phil betook himself with his banjo to one of the hammocks, while Tom looked about him with interested curiosity.

The ranch house and buildings were sheltered from the "northers" by a gentle slope of upland rising some miles away to the dignity of low mountain ranges. A small river wound ribbon-like through the bottom lands, where herds of half wild bronchos were feeding. And as far as the eye could reach—considerably farther, so Phil asserted—the broad acres where thousands of cattle bearing John Bruton's brand were feeding belonged to the wealthy rancher.

"It's all very picturesque and beautiful," said Tom, after a short silence, "but aren't you rather lonely sometimes, Miss Dolly? So far from civilization and all that sort of thing, you know."

Rather hesitatingly Dolly confessed that she was—sometimes. More, since her two years at Mrs. Devree's boarding school at Denver. Every season she and her father spent a few weeks in St. Louis. She always brought home all the new books and a stock of music for the little cottage piano she played so prettily. But between the "round-ups" and ranch matters generally, her father was away a great deal.

"And that is why I am teasing him to sell out and buy a home in the East," said Dolly, in conclusion, "but whether he will or not is quite another thing."

Phil suddenly raised himself in the hammock. "Visitors," he laconically exclaimed. In the distance some half a dozen horsemen coming from the direction of Lodeville were visible.

Dolly uttered a little cry of dismay. "Montez and the others of course," she said, excitedly, "and all the boys off on the west range where father is. If they were here—"

"Don't worry about me, Miss Dolly," interrupted Tom, quietly. "I've been trouble enough to you already. Rather than you should be annoyed any further I'll give myself up without any more words."

"Indeed you won't, then!" cried the impetuous girl. "Give yourself up, indeed! I wonder what father would say to such a speech!"

"Steal away—oh steal away:
Dar's trouble comin'—steal away."

It was Phil's clear voice, accompanied by the tinkling of the banjo strings. He did not seem excited or alarmed, or indeed affected in any degree. But Phil was a curious compound, as those will see who follow this story to its end.

Phil's words, whether so intended or not, were evidently suggestive.

"Come," said Dolly, catching his hand in her own—"leave everything to me—I know what we shall do with you."

Half leading, half drawing Tom, who hardly knew whether to resist or not, Dolly hurried him in through the open window.

"It's a place the fathers must have planned out—we don't know what for," said Dolly, rather incoherently, "and we only found it by accident two years ago. Come, quick!"

Up a winding stairway ran Dolly, and into the little apartment in an angle of the building, which for some unknown reason John Bruton was accustomed to call his study.

There were pipes and more guns, a collection of Indian implements and a table littered with writing materials. A collection of books, mentioned by the proprietor as "his library"—consisting for the most part of works on sporting and agricultural reports—were on shelves in the narrow niche at one end.

To this Dolly ran. Pulling hard at one of the shelves, a false back swung out—with shelves and all.

"In with you," said Dolly, breathlessly, as a clatter of hoofs and clamor of voices in the yard below announced the arrival of the party.

Tom unhesitatingly obeyed. Remember, that all this time Dolly in her capacity of guide had hold of Tom's hand. And before she could relinquish it, the impetuous young fellow bent down and pressed his lips warmly to her slim brown fingers!

Only by way of expressing his gratitude, it is true, and though Dolly blushed vividly as she pushed the shelves back to place, she did not look so greatly displeased as one might think.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S HIDING PLACE.

Tom found himself in a narrow cell, some four feet in width by six in length—space for it having evidently been left between the inner and outer tiering of sun-dried brick when the mission was built. A narrow slit, which was hidden by the vines outside, admitted air and light. Moreover, by parting the vines a little, Tom was able to command a partial view of the yard beneath.

As Dolly had foreshadowed, Montez was one of the party approaching the ranch. Its leader, however, was the Lodeville sheriff, and he it was who seemed to assume all authority.

"How do, Miss Dolly. Haven't got no hoss thieves hid away around these yere premises, have ye?"

The sheriff's tone and manner, as while speaking he swung himself from his horse, were coarsely good-natured. But Dolly seemed to resent both.

"If father and the boys had been home, you'd hardly have asked such an insulting question," she said, spiritedly. "But then I'm only a girl, so of course I suppose you think you can say what you please."

"No 'fense meant, Miss Dolly. Bizness is bizness, an' it's my duty to kerry out the instructions of this yere search warrant. If John Bruton was here it wouldn't make no difference. He's pretty high strung, but I never knowed of his resistin' the law, or doin' anything contrary to the statoots."

"Mr. Sheriff?"

The voice was Phil's. From its modulation, Tom, who could not see him owing to the verandah roof, knew that he had risen in the hammock while speaking.

"Well, sonny."

"Isn't it contrary to law to overpower a guard and break open a jail, or lockup, or whatever you've a mind to call it?"

Two or three of the sheriff's men exchanged glances. Montez, whose black eyes were fixed on Dolly, greatly to her annoyance, muttered something between his teeth which was not a blessing on the youthful querist.

"Ahem—well, yes," rather awkwardly returned the sheriff. "That is, I s'pose it might be so construed."

For the Lodeville sheriff could have made a very good guess as to the identity of the jail breakers the evening before, yet it was not good policy to take note of any little affair like that, especially as he was proposing to run for sheriff of the county at the next election.

"Then why don't you arrest the black mustached chap there—Montez, I think his name is? The fellow that got thrown into Bixton's watering trough—they say he was the head one in that business last night."

The remark was made with a coolness and ease which took every one aback. Even Dolly, who had already taken note of some peculiar phrases in the make-up of her newly-found cousin, regarded him with surprise. For this suited independent Dolly exactly.

Montez's handsome face became black as night. Uttering a Spanish malediction he strode forward—not too far, however.

For Tom heard a very audible and ominous click from the veranda, and instinctively he knew that Phil had substituted for the banjo a rifle, which the refugee had noticed standing by one of the windows.

"Leave the kid be, Montez," exclaimed one of the men in an undertone. "Leave him be—there's the devil in his eye as big's a gopher."

"An' we're not here to quarrel with young wimmin and boys," added the sheriff, evidently relieved at the prospect of changing the subject. "So let up, and let's tend to business."

"I have not care to harm him," growled Montez, stepping back. And Phil laughed aggravatingly:

"I suppose not. Too many witnesses. And then again my rifle might go off by accident when the muzzle was pointing at you."

"Half a dozen of you scatter yourselves 'round the house," said the sheriff, sharply. "We've no time to waste in brawling. Now, Miss Dolly, by your leave—"

The sheriff, armed with his search warrant, entered the house, accompanied by Montez, who stammered an apology as he passed the young girl. Dolly drew her supple, well-rounded form to its full height, but vouchsafed no word of reply.

Upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber they searched—my lady's chamber being represented by Dolly's own sleeping apartment. The study came in for a share of investigation. Tom, in his hiding place, chuckled as he heard the sheriff remark that "there wasn't no chance where a mouse could stow himself away in that there room with the curios an' sich."

They invaded the kitchen, to the speechless indignation of the colored cook, and descended to the cellar beneath, where the good fathers kept their wines, expressed from grapes grown by themselves on the southern slope behind the old mission.

"You've got me on a false trail, and that's all there is about it, Montez," grumbled the sheriff. "An' now John Bruton'll be down on me wu'st kind—an' I'd rather hev any man in the county agin' me at 'lection time than him."

"This fellow shall be somewhere hide away here, I say. John Bruton was with him in the jail two hour—it was he help him off, I can almost swear. Injun Joe is certain he have seen the fellow on the north trail early in the morning, headed this way. There was a nigger boy with him."

"Say, darkies, has you seen dat feller

Wid a mustash on his face,

Come sneakin' roun' some time dis mornin'

Like he's gwine to leabe de place?"

Phil, of course, and Phil's banjo as well. The paraphrased words rang out jubilantly. Some of the men laughed. Montez swore audibly. But the sheriff, stepping out on the veranda, eyed Phil keenly.

"Your singin' sounds mighty like the nigger that thar's pretty good reason to b'leeve had somethin' to do with helpin' the hoss thief saw outer the lockup, young feller."

Dolly caught her breath! But Phil's stare of bewildered astonishment was good to see. Then turning to Dolly he shook his head gravely and imitated the act of drinking.

"Lodeville whisky must be awful stuff to muddle a man's brains like that," he said in an audible undertone.

Dolly repressed a strong desire to laugh as she saw

the sheriff's rubicund visage turn quite purple with anger.

"That's very good bluff, youngster, but it won't go down. I consider there's suspicion enough attachin' of itself to you for to warrant me in arrestin' an' holdin' of you fer examination. So you can jest get ready to ride back to town along of us."

As Tom overheard this, he made up his mind.

Turning to the closed door of his singular prison house, he laid his hand on it to open it. Rather than allow Phil to be arrested and carried off, he was determined to make his way down and deliver himself up at once to his pursuers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

Tom Fenwick had fully made up his mind to leave his hiding place and deliver himself over to his pursuers rather than allow Phil Armsted to be arrested. But in vain did he tug and push and pull at the door of the secret chamber. The entrance closed with a spring, and Dolly had not explained how it could be opened.

"Hi! Yi! Yi!"

A wildly defiant shout, together with the galloping of mounted horsemen, called him quickly back to his loophole. And with a relief too great for expression, Tom saw John Bruton, leading at least a score of mounted cowboys, and spurring his bronco toward the ranch house.

He could also see the sheriff standing in an attitude of indecision before the veranda, while his men were beginning to gather about their horses.

"Put down the gun, sonny—'tain't no use to resist an officer of the law," the sheriff was saying. But at the same time he cast a very uneasy glance in the direction of the oncoming horsemen, who were whooping as only cowboys and Indians can.

"I guess I'll hang on to the gun till Uncle John gets here," blandly returned Phil. "Then I'll do as he says."

"What's the trouble here, anyway?" John Bruton's voice rang out stern and deep, as, throwing himself impetuously from his panting horse, he strode forward.

"There ain't no call for trouble, Mr. Bruton," responded the sheriff, whose tone seemed to moderate as he saw cowboy after cowboy flinging himself from the saddle; "none whatsoever. I'm pursuin' of my duty, an' come here with a search warrant for the boss thief that cut out er jail last night. I—"

"Didn't find him. So I see. There's no horse thief here—none been here. And I don't thank you for intimating that I'd harbor such a character."

"So, as he couldn't find him, Uncle Jack," put in Phil, with dancing eyes, "the sheriff allows he'll take me back on suspicion, because he thinks my voice is like a darkey's. He don't like to go back to Lodeville without arresting some one—wouldn't get his fees from the county, I suppose."

Clearly Phil Armsted was an adept at aggravation, as well as being cool and self-possessed beyond his years. Mr. Bruton smiled grimly.

"Where's your warrant for an arrest on suspicion?" he demanded sharply.

The sheriff was nonplussed. The formality of legal documents was often dispensed with in similar proceedings. But he was determined not to back down so easy.

"Here," he defiantly returned, resting one brawny hand on the butt of his pistol.

"Ah," was the unmoved reply. "Boys, you hear?"

They did—and there was a simultaneous clutched of firearms. Montez, with alarm in his looks, whispered something in the sheriff's ear.

"Just as you say. You're the prosecutor in the case, an' if you call a stay in the percedin's, all right."

This from the sheriff, with an effort to appear easy and unconcerned. And, motioning to his followers, he remounted. Then, rather crestfallen, they took their departure, followed by an exultant laugh from irrepressible Phil, who danced a wild breakdown, terminating with a double handspring backward and forward on the veranda.

Dolly lost no time in liberating her prisoner, who appeared considerably excited at something uncon-

nected with the events which had been transpiring before the house. In one hand he held an old breviary or prayer book with tarnished silver clasps, in the other a crucifix some six inches long, evidently hammered from virgin gold.

"I found them in the queerest hiding place, Miss Dolly," he breathlessly exclaimed. "There was a brick loose in the wall under the little window. I joggled it out, and there lay these."

Mr. Bruton was greatly interested. He forgot the sheriff's raid and his own belligerent intentions, in the discovery. Life went on in a groove, generally speaking, with the residents of the Home Ranch, and anything out of the ordinary was welcomed effusively.

All gathered around, as having examined the crucifix, Mr. Bruton with some difficulty unclasped the breviary. A folded parchment, yellow with age, fell out.

"Spanish," said Bruton, in disappointed tones, as he unfolded the latter; "and I've forgotten what little I ever knew of the language."

"Let me try," remarked Tom; "my chum aboard the yacht was a young Cuban, and I picked up quite a little Spanish from him. Perhaps I can make out part of it at least."

By dint of considerable guessing and study, Tom managed to give a fairly good translation for the benefit of his audience. I will say in passing that the transcription as given below is from the original MS. now—at least it was a year ago—in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society:

Pueblo El Muerte*, May 3, 1702,

El Monte Plana Corona.

To the Worthy Superior of the Mission of St. Josef.

With this letter and my first report from this field of labor, where by the will of God I am sent, I forward, by the hands of a trusty Indian convert, my humble offering. The blessed crucifix I have wrought with my own hands, of virgin gold, hammered from the quartz ledge forming the north wall of our pueblo. Here indeed is gold sufficient to make our holy order the richest in the whole world. But, as you know, this suffering, dying people, among whom it was your pleasure to send me, are forever isolated from humanity, not only by the dread contagion of disease, but also the inaccessibility of the mesa itself. Our only communication with the friendly Moquis under Father Felipe's teaching is by lowering a basket more than five hundred feet to the base. Nineteen have died since my coming—but, thanks to the saints, they died in the true faith. Already the first stages of the fell malady are upon me, but I trust to be permitted to live till I shall have administered the holy rites to the last sufferer. In less than ten years we shall be extinct on earth, but alive in glory. I will report as permitted from time to time.

Ora Pro Nobis,
Fr. Anselmo.

John Bruton could hardly contain himself to the ending.

"So, then, Jim was no dreamer, after all," he exclaimed, energetically. "Poor Jim! And I parted with him in anger almost, when over twelve years ago he started for a trip into Arizona—"

"Do you mean my father, Uncle Jack?" eagerly interrupted Phil.

"Yes. The legend of the Pueblo el Muerto, on Flat Top Mountain, or El Monte Plana Corona, is well known in these parts. But Jim somewhere heard that a ledge of gold bearing quartz of almost fabulous richness was said to exist near the depopulated pueblo. And all my ridicule failed to turn him from setting out in search of it."

There was a brief silence. Phil sat with parted lips—his eyes fixed expectantly on his uncle's face. Tom and Dolly waited with eager curiosity what further Bruton might have to say.

"There were three of them—Jim, Dutch Geary and a fellow named Richter. Four months later Dutch Geary and Richter got back to Lodeville in rags, half starved, and nearly dead. I heard their story. They had been attacked by Indians at Salt River Forks, ten miles from Flat Top Mountain. Your father, Phil, was shot and thrown into the river. The two others escaped by the skin of their teeth and got back on foot, suffering hardships by the way."

* City or town of death.

The subject was a painful one. Dolly hastened to change it.

"But, father, I don't understand about this deserted pueblo. Who were the 'afflicted people,' and what ailed them?"

Mr. Bruton shook his head.

"No one seems to know exactly. Some say that they were exiled from one of the seven lost cities of Cibola by reason of a species of leprosy not unlike that known in the Sandwich Islands. It was contagious, and once stricken only death could release them. So, driven out from their own people, they finally took up their abode on the mesa now known as Flat Top Mountain."

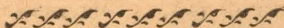
"But if it is so inaccessible, how did they get up there in the first place?" asked Dolly, with unabated interest.

"I haven't the slightest idea. Only for this letter, I should have said the whole thing was a myth, as indeed most people have grown to think."

"What is the mountain like?" asked Tom.

"I have only seen it from a distance. It is a mesa, rather than a mountain, in Southern Arizona. Only it rises perpendicularly from the plain five or six hundred feet high, and they say that even a mountain goat can't find a footing on its sides. The summit, several miles in extent, is presumed to be level. Streams of water fall over the top in two or three places, so of course there is more or less vegetation. But without a balloon I'm afraid the gold of Flat Top Mountain will stay where it is."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THE PASSAGE OF THE SURF."

A STORY OF THE GOLD COAST.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.



TOWARD the close of a burning afternoon in the dry season two sickly, yellow-faced Europeans lounged about the shady veranda of a little trading station beside the thundering beaches of the Gold Coast, gazing seaward with watchful eyes. The glittering undulations of the Southern Atlantic, which sweeps the whole West African coast-line with eternal surf, piled themselves in mile long ridges upon the yellow beach below. Two hundred yards from shore each green wall raised itself on end, and with the level rays of the sinking sun glinting through its transparent crest swept forward, until, smiting the sand with a shivering crash, it melted away into spouts of foam. Behind stretched the sombre green of a steamy cottonwood forest, and the heated air was heavy with the saltiness of spray.

At the coolest end of the veranda a young white man, wasted to a shadow by malaria fever, lay panting upon a canvas couch, with soaking hair and burning skin. Presently the lad, for he was little more, raised his hand and beckoned the men nearer.

"Well, how do you feel now?" asked the surgeon; and the sufferer answered faintly, "Better, you know I'm better, and I'm going home. Can you see the steamer's smoke yet, and is the fire ready?"

"Yes, the signal is ready, and we'll put you aboard all right," was the reply. "Not another word now. Drink this, lie still, and sleep if you can."

Then, after bathing the hollow face and wax-like forehead, Surgeon Alleyne moved away; and the trader asked, "Has he any chance?"

"He can't live here more than a few days longer," was the answer, "but the sea air might pull him round."

"It would be a pity if the poor lad died now—after what he has gone through," broke in the trader. "Fancy any one at his age living alone in the dismal swamps for weeks after the agent died, with the Kroobys going under one by one of the pestilence, sooner than bolt for the coast, as many a man would have done. I wish the mail boat would come."

Surgeon Alleyne swept the gleaming horizon with his binoculars, and answered, "I can see no sign of smoke. The 'Miamia' would leave Whydah on Wednesday, and she must pass before dawn. They will never see the signal in the mist after sunset, and no boat could face that surf in the dark—it has not been so bad for months. The worst is, there will be no other steamer for three weeks, and he cannot last that long."

Presently the sun dipped, and trails of ghostly fever-mist crept out from the forest, and drifted before the land-breeze across the creaming breakers. Then dark-

ness closed down suddenly, as it does in the tropics, and the roar of the surf grew louder, until the air quivered with its monotonous song.

On a low bluff behind the house a tall column of yellow smoke streaked with flame rose sluggishly aloft, the signal on that coast for the cargo-hunting steamers to stop, but it appeared doubtful if it could be seen a mile away through the gathering mist. By-and-by the trader stopped in his restless pacing to and fro, for a faint voice from the couch said, "No sign yet? will she never come?" and he drew the surgeon aside.

"There's only one thing to be done. That lad is too good to lose, and you say he'll die here. I'll risk it in the big surf boat, and take him off. We'll lie to outside the breakers, and wait until the steamer comes."

"It's almost certain death. No boat could get off the beach, let alone pass the surf to-night," was the reply; and the sickly white man who had long carried his life in his hands among the pestilential swamps, answered gravely, "Nevertheless I'm going to try. There are few men on the coast know more of the surf than I do—something must be done."

When the woolly-haired Krooboy boathands had been called together beneath the palms their grizzled old headman straightway refused to go.

"No boat fit pass them surf to-night, sah," he said; "live for smash one time."

Then the surgeon, drawing himself up and assuming all the dignity of a government official, proceeded to harangue them in their own tongue, for he was wise in all the native ways; and one by one a dozen half-naked Kroobys came forward.

"Good," said the trader, "there are four pieces of cloth for each man. Get the boat on the rollers."

The half-conscious sufferer was laid on mats inside, and the cottonwood rollers groaned and smoked as they ran the big, double-ended, twenty-eight foot craft down the beach. The Kroobys halted for breath on the edge of the hissing surf, and the trader swung himself on board. Then the two Europeans grasped hands, and Alleyne bent down and gently straightened the matting beneath the sick lad's head.

"I feel tempted to come, too," he said, "but you are a better man than I in a boat, and my business is to fight the small-pox for those dying wretches in the swamps. You are a good fellow, Cranton, and you'll do your best for him, I know. And now good-by, and good luck go with you."

Then a great ocean-wall hurled itself upon the beach with a roar, and melted into sheets of phosphorescent foam and a flying cloud of spray.

The backwash commenced to pour down the sand, and trader Cranton shouted, "Away with her! All together! Launch her, ho!"

Forty sinewy black hands grasped the gunwale, and the big surf boat shot down the beach. A dozen naked negroes lifted themselves over the side, and the next moment four feet of foam was boiling about her bows and her heel was grinding and hammering into the sand. Then, amid a pandemonium of yelling and hissing, the Krooboys ran in shoulder deep, and the white-painted craft slid out on the last of the backwash.

A huge black sea came in out of the darkness, its crest frothing and flashing with blue and green sea-fire.

"He'll never get through. They'll be thrown back and smashed to bits," gasped the surgeon as he waded dripping to the beach; and the grizzled old Krooboy by his side made answer, "White trader-man savvy boat plenty; the Lord give him sense too much."

Meantime, Cranton set his teeth hard as he thrust upon the big sculling oar to hold the boat head to sea, and the Krooboys whistled and hissed after the manner of their kind as they whirled the three-tongued paddles. Then there was a hoarse shout of "Easy there," and the surf boat stood up almost on end with a mass of phosphorescence boiling feet high above her waist. For a moment she hung poised—a sickening, a nerve-trying moment, for each man knew that if the run of the sea swept her backward he would presently be struggling for his life against the down-sucking grasp of the backwash with a mass of splintered pine-wood grinding about him.

"Paddle, paddle for your lives," shouted the trader, and the stout hafts bent and creaked as the blades ripped through the foaming smother alongside. Next, with a wild swoop the boat slid down into the dark hollow beyond, and Cranton drew his breath, while from out of the spray astern came the ringing crash with which the roller leaped upon the beach.

The respite was brief. In spite of backed paddles, the boat carried her way and drove her bows into the breast of the incoming sea. In an instant she was filled half-way to the shafts, and the trader felt the veins beneath his forehead swelling to the bursting point as he thrust upon the oar. There was a frothing mass of white about them, and the brine lashed his face. His breath was gone, and the roar of the sea drowned the words that came forth through his cracked throat and parched lips. But the Krooboys, who are seamen born, knew their work—and did it well. Driving his sinewy big toe deeper into its fibre stirrup, each negro settled himself down firmly upon the gunwale, and whirled his bending paddle amid a chorus of half-choked cries. Then the boat, drawing slowly out from the foaming crest, shook herself free, and rolled sluggishly down the sea slope to meet the next. Had that ridge been as high and steep as its fellows, she would never have emerged again, for, half-full as she was, Cranton saw his only hope was to drive her through before she went down bodily beneath them.

There was a great splashing of paddles, a sudden lurch, a flying cloud of spray, and then the staunch craft staggered forth from the grasp of the sea.

"Paddle easy now, and get the water out before she sinks under us," said Cranton and three Krooboys plied the big buckets with might and main, while the white man bent down and dragged the now senseless lad as far out of reach of the chilly fluid as he could.

"I did my best for you—poor fellow," he said; and then grasped the sculling oar again with a short, "Hold her straight. Paddle 'tarboard."

That roller came in fairly smoothly, for the water was deepening fast. The boat rode over it dry, and presently the Krooboys sent up a yell of triumph, and a faint cry of "Bravo! Well done!" came out of the mist in answer.

Ten minutes later she swung safely up and down across the long, smooth-backed undulations of the Atlantic, for it is only in the shoal water that the surf, which is the terror of the West African coast, runs and breaks; and laying the sick lad gently on the broad stern-thaft, Cranton gazed out into the obscurity ahead.

For what seemed hours they paddled slowly along, following the dim and shadowy loom of the land, for the fleecy mist hung low down across the face of the water only. Then a regular, throbbing sound came out of the woolly vapors and the blades dipped faster.

Staring into the whiteness with all his eyes Cranton steered toward the sound, for there was no mistaking the steady beat-beat of engines; and presently the faint yellow glow of a masthead light swaying from side to side swept out of a mist-wreath hard by.

"Back them paddles. Yell all together," he roared; and as the noise died away the red and green side lights of a steamer, forming a warning triangle with the white above, shot into sight, and came flying down upon them like the head-lamps of a locomotive.

The three-tongued paddles tore the water together, and again the Krooboys raised a warning shout. "Boat right ahead, sir," hailed an invisible person, and the deep, reverberating boom of a steam-whistle echoed far over the glassy sea-slopes.

A few moments later a hoarse voice cried, "Stop her, sir, before you run them down;" there was a grinding of wheel chains, and, as Cranton wrenched upon his oar, it appeared that the glare of lights came round following the boat. Then the clang of an engine-room gong fell upon his ear as the propeller turned astern.

It was too late. A bow like the side of a house rose up above the boat. Lines fell clattering from the lofty fore-castle-head, and next moment with her side crushed and the water spouting in through every started landing the surf boat was rasping and bumping along the rusty plates.

"Catch the gass-warp, and hold on for your lives," roared Cranton, seizing a trailing line, but the hemp was wrenched through his fingers, tearing half the skin away with it. Then some one cried, "They'll be cut to bits by the propeller," and as the clatter of the reversed engines ceased, the boat slid past the poop, and the mail steamer forged ahead into the mist. A man leaned over the taff-rail aft waving a lamp and shouted, "Hold on, we're coming back. We'll have you yet."

Presently, while the Krooboys baled for their lives, the light reappeared, and guided by their cries the mail boat backed slowly down, and finally stopped dead close alongside. They managed to paddle the waterlogged craft to the lowered companion, ready hands dragged them out, and the trader, carrying the dripping lad in his arms, staggered through the open gangway into the group of passengers standing beneath the glow of the electric light, where he laid his burden gently upon the deck.

"Very sorry, I'm sure," said the bronzed captain, "but we never saw you until it was too late. There were no signals visible, and I thought no boat could have crossed the surf. We heard it roaring worse than usual all the way along. How ever did you get through?"

Then the ship's surgeon bustled forward. "Stand clear there, this is my business," he said. "Help me to carry this man below, and you come along, too."

Kind hands gently raised the sick lad, and as Cranton turned away to follow, he said: "We'll go on to Accra with you, captain; I'll explain to-morrow. All that's left of the boat is not worth picking up, and you'd better go ahead."

Then the grind of the propeller recommenced, and the steamer went on her way, while the trader after seeing his charge safely into the doctor's room, thankfully turned into a dry berth.

Toward the end of the following afternoon, when the palms and cottonwoods beyond Accra rose higher and higher out of the sea, the sick lad lay beneath the fluttering awnings, and Cranton was by his side.

"The doctor tells me you're coming round, and will be on your feet again before you reach 'the trades,'" he observed, smiling; and the younger man laid a thin, clawlike hand on his companion's arm.

"I don't know how to thank you; but I'll never forget," he said; and Cranton answered lightly, "There, that will do. It was all in the day's work. Lie still, and don't talk too much."

That evening he lounged upon the sandy beach of Accra, watching the mail boat grow smaller and smaller, until she faded into a mere smudge of gray smoke on the far horizon. His thoughts followed her wistfully, for the lad was going home, to a land where there was neither heat nor swamp fever, and the trader sighed as he turned away. He wondered if he would ever see home again, for the shadow of death broods heavily over the steamy forests of the tropics. Then he brushed such thoughts away, and, calling his Krooboys about him, walked quietly toward the town, and in due time went back with a resolute heart to his work in the deadly swamps. And this required a courage higher still than even that shown in the passage of the surf.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Governing the Admission of Candidates Into the Military and Naval Academies as Cadets.

(Compiled from Official Documents.)

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

(Part III.)

ACADEMICAL EXAMINATION.

Reading.—In reading, candidates must be able to read understandingly, with proper accent and emphasis.

Writing and Orthography.—In writing and orthography, they must be able, from dictation, to write sentences from standard pieces of English literature, both prose and poetry, sufficient in number to test their qualifications, both in handwriting and orthography.

Arithmetic.—In arithmetic, they must be able—

1. To explain accurately and clearly, its objects and the manner of writing and reading numbers—entire, fractional, compound or denominate.

2. To perform with facility and accuracy, the various operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers, abstract and compound or denominate, giving the rule for each operation, with its reasons, and also for the different methods of proving the accuracy of the work.

3. To explain the meaning of reduction—its different kinds; its application to denominate numbers in reducing them from a higher to a lower denomination and the reverse, and to equivalent decimals; to give the rule for each case, with its reasons, and to apply readily these rules to practical examples of each kind.

4. To explain the nature of prime numbers, and factors of a number—of a common divisor of two or more numbers, particularly of their greatest common divisor—with its use, and to give the rule, with its reasons, for obtaining it; also the meaning of a common multiple of several numbers, particularly of their least common multiple and its use; and to give the rule, with its reasons, for obtaining it, and to apply each of these rules to examples.

5. To explain the nature of fractions, common or vulgar, and decimal—to define the various kinds of fractions, with the distinguishing properties of each—to give all the rules for their reduction, particularly from mixed to improper and the reverse—from compound or complex to simple—to their lowest terms—to a common denominator—from common to decimal and the reverse; for their addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, with the reasons for each change of rule and to apply each rule to examples.

6. To define the terms ratio and proportion—to give the properties of proportion and the rules, and their reasons, for stating and solving questions in both simple and compound proportion or single and double rule of three, and to apply these rules to examples.

7. The candidates must not only know the principles and rules referred to above, but they are required to possess such a thorough understanding of all the fundamental operations of arithmetic as will enable them to combine the various principles in the solution of any complex problem which can be solved by the methods of arithmetic. In other words, they must possess such a complete knowledge of arithmetic as will enable them to take up at once the higher branches of mathematics without further study of arithmetic.

8. It is to be understood that the examination in these branches may be either written or oral, or partly written and partly oral—that the definitions and rules must be given fully and accurately, and that the work of all examples, whether upon the blackboard, slate or paper, must be written plainly and in full, and in such a manner as to show clearly the mode of solution.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Part III.)

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE EXAMINATION.

Reading and writing.—Candidates must be able to read understandingly, and with proper accent and emphasis, and to write legibly, neatly and rapidly.

Spelling.—They must be able to write, from dictation, paragraphs from standard pieces of English literature, both prose and poetry, sufficient in number to test fully their qualifications in this branch. The spelling throughout the examination will be considered in marking the papers.

Arithmetic.—The candidate will be required—

To express in figures any whole, decimal, or mixed number; to write in words any given number; to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers whether abstract or compound, and to use with facility the tables of money, weight and measures in common use, including English money.

To reduce compound numbers from one denomination to another, and to express them as decimals or fractions of a higher or lower denomination; to state the number of cubic inches in a gallon and the relation between the troy and avoirdupois pounds and to reduce differences of time to differences of longitude and vice versa.

To define prime and composite numbers; to give the tests of divisibility by 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 25 and 125; to resolve numbers into their prime factors, and to find the least common multiple and the greatest common divisor of large as well as of small numbers.

To be familiar with all the processes of common and decimal fractions, and to give clearly the reasons for such processes, and to be able to use the contracted methods of multiplication and division given in the ordinary text-books on arithmetic.

To define ratio and proportion, and to solve problems in simple and compound proportion.

To solve problems involving the measurement of rectangular surfaces and solids, to find the square and cube roots of numbers, and to solve simple problems under percentage, interest and discount.

The candidates are required to possess such a thorough understanding of all the fundamental operations of arithmetic as will enable them to apply the various principles to the solution of any complex problem which can be solved by the methods of arithmetic; in other words, they must possess such a complete knowledge of arithmetic as will enable them to proceed at once to the higher branches of mathematics without further study of arithmetic.

Algebra.—The examination in algebra will be elementary in character, and will be limited to questions and problems upon the fundamental rules, factoring, algebraic fractions, and simple equations of one or more unknown quantities.

Grammar.—In English grammar candidates must exhibit a familiarity with all the parts of speech and the rules in relation thereto; must be able to parse any ordinary sentence given to them, and generally must understand those portions of the subject usually taught and comprehended under the heads of orthography, etymology and syntax.

The questions will usually be arranged in three divisions. The first will contain questions somewhat like these:

Explain the use of the objective case. What verbs have distinction of voice? Give the possessive plural of sea, valley, basis, stratum, bandit.

The second division will contain one or more sentences to be parsed, e. g.:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dip in the Dead Sea.

Drowned in the Dead Sea! I have never heard of such a fate overtaking any one, says a traveler, and even a person who might attempt to take his own life would have to weight himself in order to go down. That, at all events, was the conclusion I came to one morning, many years ago, as I rode back to Jerusalem after a refreshing bath in the bright, blue waters of this great salt lake. The buoyancy of the ocean is familiar to every swimmer, but the water of this huge basin is eight times as salty as that of the ocean.

There is a story that the soldier-Emperor Vespasian ordered a criminal to be flung into the waves with his hands tied behind his back, but the felon would not sink. And, really, I am very much inclined to believe the tale is true.

Why is the water so very salt? Well, though the Dead Sea is fed by the Jordan and other streams, it possesses no outlet. Now, as these rivers all convey a certain quantity of this mineral into the lake, but none of it escapes by outflowing channels, because, as I have said, there are none, or by evaporation, it follows that during untold ages the water has been of necessity getting saltier and saltier. It cannot help it, and the process is greatly assisted by the additional fact that almost more water is believed to evaporate every year than is poured into this inland sea in the same time. Thus the water vanishes slowly, but the salt is left behind.

Stripping among the reeds that line the northern shore—the shore where old Jordan enters the lake, and which he has littered with dry, whitened driftwood—I was very soon breasting the waves of the Dead Sea.

Speedily I realized that I was rolling in a vastly different element from what I had so often disported myself at home. Dip! Why, I simply could not dive below; and when I got breast deep I was lifted off my feet without ceremony, and swam about with as much provoking coolness as a big cork bung. This was swimming made easy with a vengeance, and yet in a certain sense it was swimming under difficulties, for most bathers are partial to an occasional duck down.

Sea water is not a palatable beverage, but it is almost drinkable compared with Dead Sea water. As luck would have it, I was not to leave the very briny without completing my experience even in this respect. A false step plunged me head foremost on the waves, and ere I could fairly recover myself I got a mouthful—just one, for I didn't want another—of what closely resembled Epsom salts, only more so! Fortunately I did not swallow the dose.

When I reached the bank my eyes and lips smarted; a sharp nippy or prickly sensation crept over my body; and an oily saline crust was forming on my limbs and trunk. Without further ado, therefore, I went in for the severest toweling I ever had in my life.

This vigorous rubbing speedily freed me from all discomfort, except that for about a week afterward my lips were a trifle sore and discolored. By steady riding I arrived at Jerusalem the same night, having taken Jericho by the way, and none the worse for my strange bath.

There is little that needs toning down in what one reads about the Dead Sea. Its landscape is desolate, the silence of the scene is painful, and the almost total absence of life is appalling.

Mr. Ruskin's description of this famous spot is not generally known, and I will quote it as a faithful recital of the horrors of this region that have, withal, a weird fascination for the beholder of them:

"Though the tradition that a bird cannot fly over this sea is an exaggeration, the air in its neighborhood is stagnant and pestiferous, polluted by the decaying vegetation brought down by the Jordan and its floods; the bones of the beasts of burden that have died by the 'way of the sea' lie like wrecks upon its edge, bared by vultures, and bleached by the salt ooze, which, though tideless, rises and falls irregularly, swollen or wasted. Swarms of flies darken an atmosphere heavy at once with the poison of the marsh and the fever of the desert; and the Arabs themselves will not encamp for a night amid the exhalations of the volcanic chasm."

RESULT OF PRIZE CONTEST.

The result of the prize contest recently held in Army and Navy in which the publishers asked the opinion of the readers as to their favorite serials, short stories and departments is given below. The great interest which was taken in this novel contest indicated that it had touched a popular chord. Heretofore publishers of juvenile periodicals have not sought opinions, nor taken their readers into their confidence. The overwhelming success of the recent competition proves the undoubted wisdom of the innovation, and will settle beyond all question that Army and Navy is not only published in the interest of its readers, but is the most popular boys' paper in the United States.

A board composed of the editor and his staff of authors examined carefully each letter received. All suggestions of value—and there were many—were recorded, and the opinions of the majority noted. The value of this competition to Army and Navy and its readers will soon become apparent.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize—\$5.00.

William Showwe, 38 South Ford street, Rochester, N. Y.

Second Prize—\$2.00.

J. Clark Farran, P. O. Box 557, Baltimore, Md.

Eight Prizes—\$1.00 each.

J. A. Marca, care Wm. T. Butler, Bank Building, Jamaica, N. Y.

John K. Ross, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Fred Holder, 923 Cumberland street, Little Rock, Ark.

Thos. H. Lawson, Taurus P. O., N. J.

Anton C. Cron, Bethel Mil. Aca., Fauquier Springs P. O., Va.

C. R. Fargo, care St. Paul F. & M. Insurance Co., St. Paul, Minn.

S. D. Radnor, 4033 Reno street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

J. Thomas, Box 586, Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

Special Mention.

Chas. H. Cobert, New York City; Winn Davidson, San Francisco, Cal.; Chas. W. Heims, New York City; R. R. Caruthers, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. V. Perine, Summit, N. J.; C. R. Smith, Columbus, Ohio; John E. Hubel, Milwaukee, Wis.; Claude T. Reno, Allentown, Pa.; E. D. Burton, Providence, R. I.; P. H. Lorentz, Sutton, W. Va.; Charles Brown, Kalama, Wash.; Nelson Holmsberg, Saginaw, Mich.; Catherine Deboy, Raleigh, N. C.; Clarence Matthews, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Harry Chappell, Memphis, Tenn.; Wilbur Pansing, Miamisburg, Ohio; John Naughton, Vermilion, S. Dak.; W. B. Reece, Lima, Ohio; F. W. Graham, Lynn, Mass.; W. H. Bush, Jr., Irvington, N. J.; Harry H. Franklin, Portland, Ore.; M. J. Kelley, Jr., Blossburg, Pa.; H. A. Domicorich, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. J. W. Fink, Mishawaka, Ind.; Van Eshelman, Sewickley, Pa.; J. B. Dart, Waring, Texas; Claude E. Hill, Chicago, Ill.; Otto Fessler, New York City; Morton McDonald, Evansville, Ind.; C. E. Ross, Jr., Lincoln, Ill.; Otto Holt, Minneapolis, Minn.; Cleaver Scroggs, Keokuk, Iowa; Richard L. Bigelow, Hazleton, Pa.; J. L. Howell, Roxbury, Mass.; M. L. Rogalimo, Allegheny, Pa.; Edwin Brown, Hamburg, Iowa; Harvey Heam, Sidney, C. B.; Benjamin B. Hann, Atlantic City, N. J.; H. L. Frankle, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wm. Shearer, Birmingham, Ala.; Thomas M. Scott, Lanark, Ill.; Henry Geisler, New York City; R. H. Mount, Mahopac Falls, N. Y.; Charles H. Ross, Newburgh, N. Y.; T. Morton Haney, Paris, Ont.; Edward Geng, New York City; Cleo Van Derkar, Alliance, Ohio; Fred W. Clough, Ripon, Wis.; Mamie Hoffman, Canal Dover, Ohio; Henry B. Goff, Providence, R. I.

EDITORIAL CHAT

Address all communications to "Army and Navy," STREET & SMITH,
238 William Street, New York City.

The names of the prize winners in our recent contest will be found in another column of this number. Lack of space prevented the publishing of the winning letters, but our readers can rest assured that it was only after a very careful examination of the letters that the prizes were awarded. The success of this novel competition has proved beyond any doubt that the boys of the United States are quick to appreciate anything done for their benefit. They realized at once that the publishers of Army and Navy were earnest in their desire for their readers' opinion on the subject of the best serials, short stories and departments, and their response was instant and gratifying. The publishers and the editor take this means of extending their cordial thanks to all.

One extremely pleasing result of the contest was the unanimous approval of the naval and military cadet stories. The general merit of these stories, their unique position in the field of literature, and their intense interest made that approval a foregone conclusion. It is well to remind you that only in this publication can the charming cadet stories by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison and Ensign Clarke Fitch be found.

Our schedule for the next few months will include serials by such favorite writers as William Murray Graydon, Edward S. Ellis, Lieutenant Lionel Lounsberry, Captain C. B. Ashley, Arthur Lee Putnam and others. These stories are now in hand and will be published from time to time. That by Mr. Graydon, than whom there is no better author of juvenile stories in his peculiar field, will be commenced in No. 27 Army and Navy.

The next number (23) will contain a special football article, comprehensive in detail and splendidly illustrated in half-tone. Photographs of the shining lights in the national football world and also representative players of all the leading college teams will be given. The article will contain a resume of games played up to date, and notes of pertinent interest on the gridiron. The widespread attention football is receiving will make this article of timely value.

The number of cadets at West Point on September 1, 1897, was 338. This breaks the record. There are now thirty-four vacancies, and there will be more at the end of the academic year. Colonel C. H. Ernest of the Engineer Corps, superintendent of the Military Academy, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, says: "The Military Academy is doing the work

assigned to it as thoroughly now as at any period of its history. Its equipment is better than it ever was before, and its professors and officers are characterized by the same ability, industry, zeal and patriotism for which they have always been distinguished."

In next week's number of Army and Navy will commence a serial by Matthew White, Jr., a well known and popular author of both juvenile and adult fiction. It is entitled "A Young Breadwinner; or, Guy Hammersley's Trials and Triumphs," and it describes the experience of a boy in New York city. The story is engaging and well-told from beginning to end, and will undoubtedly please our readers.

A young friend signing himself J. S., and living in Covington, Ky., writes for advice on a subject of great importance to himself as regards his future. He is sixteen years of age, has a diploma of a parochial school, and has received a gold medal for violin music. He also has a desire to become a naval or military cadet, but is undecided as to what he should do. Advice under such circumstances must necessarily be influenced by ignorance of local circumstances. The details given in J. S.'s letter are so meagre that it is really difficult to form a decision. Viewed from one standpoint we would advise this young friend to surrender the idea of entering either of the government academies, and devote himself to music.

There may not be as much glitter and pomp and romance in wielding a violin bow as there is in a sword, but there is just as much worth and merit and far more poetry. We need musicians in this world as well as warriors. He who can charm the soul with the power and skill of his melody is worthy of a high niche in the temple of fame. The following lines sung in the earlier part of this century by an American poet aptly expresses the power of melody upon us:

Music, how strange her power! her varied strains
Thrill with a magic spell the human heart.
She awakens memory—brightens hope—the pains,
The joys of being at her bidding start.
Now to her trumpet-call the spirit leaps;
Now to her brooding tender tone it weeps.
Sweet music! is she portion of that breath
With which the worlds were born—on which they wheel?

Arthur Sewall

ATHLETIC SPORTS

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL



(Brief items of interest on local amateur athletics at the various colleges and schools are solicited. "Descriptions and scores of match games will also be published if sent to this department.")

The bicycle racing season as a whole has been a successful one, and the various meets have been attended by thousands of interested spectators. Of the professional riders, E. C. Bald easily stands at the head for all-around work. Bald has been a consistent rider all year, and he has dodged no one on or off the national circuit. Kiser has been the most troublesome rider for Bald to defeat this year, and he has beaten Bald repeatedly in match races. Still, on the whole Bald has done the better work, and his earnings from the purses he has won ought to be greater than those of any of the other riders. Bald is the "every-day" rider of the year, and he starts in everything, from a sprint to a handicap. Cooper, his most dangerous opponent last year, has had a bad season of it. Cooper showed up prominently in the early spring and then went to pieces. McFarland and "Nat" Butler proved to be the best handicap riders of the year, and each has materially increased his bank account in consequence. Thomas Butler, who was considered in the first flight in '96, did little racing until recently. "Major" Taylor, the colored rider, was one of the surprises of the season, and with careful handling he will make an even better record next year. Taylor has pluck and a splendid sprint, and at times he has beaten all of the fast riders. Another season's work ought to make him a good man on the circuit. Loughhead is a sort of an in-and-outer who cannot be depended upon. He won two of the national championships and he has done practically nothing since then. Mertens, Newton, Hoyt and Titus have made some money. John S. Johnson was in poor shape most of the season, his illness last winter sapping his strength. Bald will not go to Europe next week in company with A. G. Batchelder, of the Quill Club Wheelmen, as he had intended.

Among the amateurs it is a difficult matter to pick out the champion of his class. In this state, Powell, of the New York Athletic Club and of Columbia College, and C. M. Ertz, of the Riverside Wheelmen, can be considered at the front. Powell has intercollegiate, state and national championships to his credit, and he is good at almost any distance. John S. Johnson, of Springfield, Mass., came to the front in good style, and there are many who think that he will prove to be another rider like his namesake. He has a fine physique to help in his battle, and with good care he ought to be a hard man to beat next year. Ray Dawson, of New Jersey, is the fastest amateur in that State, as an all-around rider. He was in better form in the early part of the season. Dawson is a glutton for work when he is in condition, and he is speedy, mild-mannered and easily handled. Some are of the opinion that he displays more daring in his races than Powell. Fred Schade, of Georgetown University, has captured everything in the South, but his trips North were not so successful. Schade is an every-day rider, and at some of the meets he captured every prize in sight. Like Peabody, of Chicago, Schade is trying to beat Zimmerman's record of capturing 103 first prizes in one season. Each has about eighty victories to his credit. Of the lot Powell and Johnson are probably the best all-round riders.

While every loyal follower of racing in this country will wish success to Zimmerman in his invasion of France, few of them are sanguine that he will be able to duplicate his victorious career of several years ago.

"Zimmie" has confined himself to exhibition contests this year, and he has not done any competition work. He will begin training in the early spring, and he will enter competition contests and make time trials, beginning June 1. He will remain in France all of next summer, if he is successful.

The following table will show how many games each baseball club won and lost to every other club during the season:

Clubs.	Boston.	Baltimore.	New York.	Cincinnati.	Cleveland.	Brooklyn.	Washington.	Pittsburg.	Chicago.	Philadelphia.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.	
Boston.....		6	8	9	7	9	7	10	8	10	9	10	93	
Baltimore.....	6		5	6	7	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	90	
New York.....	4	7		6	9	9	9	8	7	7	6	12	83	
Cincinnati.....	3	6	7		7	5	8	5	7	8	9	11	76	
Cleveland.....	5	4	3	5		7	5	8	6	8	9	5	11	69
Brooklyn.....	3	3	3	7	7		7	7	6	6	5	7	61	
Washington.....	5	3	3	4	4	5		7	5	8	8	9	61	
Pittsburg.....	2	3	3	7	6	5	5		6	7	8	8	60	
Chicago.....	4	3	5	4	3	6	7	6		6	6	8	69	
Philadelphia.....	2	9	5	4	3	6	4	5	7		9	8	55	
Louisville.....	3	1	6	3	7	7	4	4	6	3		8	52	
St. Louis.....	2	2	0	1	1	5	3	4	4	4	3		29	
Games lost.....	39	40	48	16	62	71	71	71	73	77	78	102		

The number of series which each club won, lost and tied is shown by the following table:

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Club.	Won.	Lost.	Tied.
Boston.....	10	0	1	Washington....	4	7	0
Baltimore.....	8	1	2	Pittsburg.....	4	5	2
New York.....	9	2	0	Chicago.....	2	6	3
Cincinnati.....	7	3	1	Philadelphia...	3	7	1
Cleveland.....	4	6	1	Louisville....	3	6	2
Brooklyn.....	5	4	2	St. Louis.....	0	11	0

The defeat of the "Welch Wonder," Jimmie Michael, by J. Frank Starbuck, at Philadelphia, October 2, was as much a surprise to Starbuck as to "Jimmie." The latter had counted on finishing the season without a defeat, but he was doomed to disappointment. The race was one of the most exciting ever run. Starbuck's time for the twenty-five miles was 47m. 2 1-5s., and Michael's 47m. 2 2-5s. It is said that Michael has won \$7,000 in ten days' racing.

A curious machine is designed to provide fun and amusement at bazaars, exhibitions and country fairs. It is the quadricycle, or cycle seesaw, and accommodates a quartet, to whom it gives the pleasure of the ocean motion on dry land. The machine measures nine feet in length, and weighs between sixty and seventy pounds. Situated between its four wheels is a rotary shaft, supported by a set of eight steel bearings. Upon the shaft there are a couple of large sprocket wheels, over which a chain passes to the rear axle. Two long arms of steel extend outward at each end of the machine, and on the extremities of these are fixed the four seats. When the riders get into position the machine is started off, the arms move up and down, and this seesaw motion keeps the machine going.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Run on Stilts.

Probably the most unique railway ever built was that known as the Bradford and Foster Brook Line.

It was built in 1877, and was only four miles long. Two years later it collapsed and killed a number of people. The line was appropriately nicknamed the "Peg-leg," from its peculiar construction, for it was built on stilts, and the passengers entered the carriages from the second stories of the stations.

There was but one main line, which was of iron, but there were two auxiliary wooden rails. The main rail rested on strong wooden beams, supported by massive stanchions strongly braced. Two feet below the top beam were two wooden rails eight inches in width, which were securely nailed to the supporting stanchions. The wooden rails were mainly for balancing purposes. The height of the odd little road varied from twelve to twenty-five feet, according to the position of the land in the valley through which it was built.

Without this elevation the scheme of the inventor would have been impossible. The coaches fitted on the rails like saddle bags, hanging down on each side, and were really two-story coaches, the upper portion being used for passengers and the lower story for freight.

The grotesque-looking train was headed by two engines, connected with each other, on each side of the main rail, the two balancing like the carriages.

When the fireman put on more coal he was obliged to descend to the furnace by a ladder. The engines and carriages ran on a set of central wheels, which protruded through the floors into wooden hoods put on to prevent their damaging passengers.

The coaches were narrow, and the main rails were broad. Whenever the coaches tilted, side wheels caught the wooden rails and aided to preserve the equilibrium of the train.

A City in a Volcano.

If you will take down your geographies and look on the map of the West Indies you will notice between the islands of Santa Cruz and St. Christopher two small inlets which, unless your map is an unusually large and complete one, will have no names given. These two islands belong to the Dutch, and the most northerly and westerly of them is called Saba.

The Dutch are noted for their odd and quaint customs and for their perseverance, Holland being sometimes called the "land of pluck," but I doubt if anywhere in all their possessions have these curious people shown their queer and eccentric habits to greater advantage than in the little out-of-the-way island of Saba.

The island is small, its greatest diameter being not over two and one-half miles, and it is nothing more than an isolated mountain top rising out of the sea. The sides are very steep, and high, rising in places for a sheer two thousand feet. There is no harbor, no beach, no safe anchorage, and no large trees on the island. Although Saba had a population of over twenty-five hundred yet you might sail all around it without seeing any signs of houses or settlements. If you wish to land or "go aboard," as the Sabans say, you would have to do so on a shelving rock on the southern side of the island, and here you would find a steep, winding flight of stone steps leading up the rocky mountain side.

Following these steps, which number eight hundred and are called "the ladder," you at last reach the top of the mountain, and looking inland see a small, grassy plain covered with neat, white, red-roofed houses, the whole surrounded on every side by towering peaks and precipices covered with beautiful tree ferns, bamboos and wild plantains. This little town, the only one on the island, is known as the Bottom, a curious name surely, but it is well named, nevertheless, for the place

on which it is built is nothing more than the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano.

Descending the slope into this queerest of queer towns, you find the streets simply narrow paths walled with stone, higher in places than your head, while every inch of earth is cultivated with true Dutch thrift and industry.

Here and there small patches of sugar cane, yams and arrowroot are side by side with beans, corn and potatoes, with palm and banana trees rising over all. The population consists of whites and negroes in nearly equal number, and the blue-eyed and tow-headed children play with black-skinned and curly-haired pickaninnies, but all are Dutch in speech, manners and looks. The houses, shops, gardens—everything is Dutch.

As Signs of Friendship.

In an island near the Philippines the natives take the hand or foot of him they salute and with it gently rub their face. The Laplanders salute each other by a vigorous rubbing of noses. In New Guinea the aborigines place upon their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever with them been symbols of friendship and peace. There is something picturesque and graceful in this manner of salutation.

Japanese peasantry take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals in the street and their stockings in the house as a sign of friendship.

The Chinese are to this day singularly affected in their civilities, and their reverences and postures are calculated with the utmost nicety. Nothing can be more extravagant than their complimentary speeches. If two friends meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and touch the earth with their foreheads three or four times before exchanging a word.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers until the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and members of one tribe have the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

Duelling With Cannon.

The following is an account of a unique duel said to have taken place in the Crimean War. One day a message was received in the English lines from the Russian army at the time a flag of truce was flying.

"Your 58-pounder gun," said the bearer, "which your people call 'Jenny,' is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good. We should like to have a fair duel with her."

The challenge was accepted, and everything arranged for twelve o'clock next day. When the time arrived all the battery ceased firing, and the two armies looked on.

"Our sailors' gun detachment (wrote an onlooker) mounted on the parapet and took off their hats, saluting the Russians. The Russians returned the compliment. The English gun was given the first shot as the senior one; it struck the side of the embrasure. Then our opponents fired—a very good shot, too.

"The third shot from Jenny went clean through the Russian embrasure. The bluejackets jumped up on their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponent. Not a bit! A minute afterward out came the Russian gun again.

"Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good ones. Jenny got a nasty thump, but it did her no harm. At length—I think after the seventh shot from our side—we saw the Russian gun clean knocked over.

"Our fellows cheered vociferously, and the Russians mounted the parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of their defeat. All the batteries then opened again. Thus ended the great duel."



NOTICE.—Questions on subjects of general interest only are dealt with in this department. As the ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY goes to press two weeks in advance of date of publication, answers cannot appear for at least two or three weeks. Communications intended for this column should be addressed ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 1075, New York city.

Inquirer, Council Bluffs, Iowa.—1. Landsmen are shipped in the U. S. Navy between 18 and 25 years of age; ordinary seamen, 18 to 30, and seamen, 21 to 35. 2. Boys between the ages of 14 and 17 are enlisted as apprentices in the naval service. The weight schedule calls for: 70 pounds at 14 years, 80 pounds at 15, and 90 pounds at 16 years. 3. There is no present danger of war between the United States and Spain. 4. The question of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands is still being discussed. Annexation will probably come in due time. It will not lead to war with Japan. The lynx does not give battle to the lion. 5. The Secretary of the Navy.

J. D. K. S., Nashville, Tenn.—1. The loss of three teeth might prove a cause of rejection in the Naval Academy examination. The rule reads, "Loss of many teeth, or teeth generally unsound." 2. The army rule regarding the enlistment of drummers is as follows: "Minors are not enlisted, except boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, who may be needed as musicians, and who have the written consent of father, only surviving parent, or legally-appointed guardian." 3. We may have a story of the army sometime in the future.

Constant Reader, Atlanta, Ga.—1. The information you desire must be obtained from the Congressional directory of your district, or from the Secretaries of War and Navy, Washington, D. C. . Your height is below the average. 3. Cigarette smoking is harmful, vicious and altogether wrong. If persisted in, it incapacitates a boy for mental or physical development, and renders him a slave to a despicable habit.

P. G., Newark, N. J.—Tinder was the chief means of procuring fire before the invention of matches. It was ignited by a spark from a flint, and was then brought into contact with matches dipped in sulphur. Tinder may be made of half-burnt linen, and of various other substances, such as almadon, touchwood, or German tinder.

C. E., Lincoln, Neb.—Your question is one not easy to answer. We think a boy who attends business college in the morning and is employed at typewriting in the afternoon should devote his evenings to rest or innocent recreation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a natural truth proved by experience.

C. D. N., Joliet, Ill.—Your desire to "keep good health" is not peculiar to yourself. The natural laws for accomplishing this purpose are simple enough. They consist in perfect cleanliness, plenty of fresh air, exercise daily, attention to diet, and freedom from worry.

T. D. H., Jacksonville, Ill.—A boy five feet nine inches in height and a chest girth of 34 inches is not badly proportioned; but a man of that height, if well developed, should show a chest expansion of 38 inches, if not more.

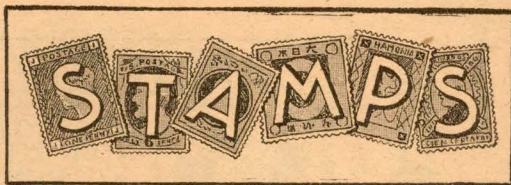
A. K. M., Salem, Mass.—Write to Commander J. G. Eaton, U. S. N., commanding the Enterprise, nautical schoolship of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Write to either of the military schools mentioned in Mr. Groff's special article in No. 17 Army and Navy Weekly.

A West Point Drummer Boy, New York City.—See reply to J. D. K. S., in this column.

G. H. W. (no address)—Write to the Secretary of War for desired information.

P. H., New York City.—A serial such as you suggest will be published shortly.



(SPECIAL NOTICE.—To insure the safe return of stamps sent to us for examination, correspondents should inclose them in a separate stamped envelope bearing name and address. The prices quoted are from current lists and are subject to change.)

From authentic documents it has been proved that stamped envelopes were issued by the postmaster at Washington during the year 1855 of the values of 5 and 10 cents, also adhesive stamps of the same values by the postmaster at Worcester, Mass., in 1846, but as yet not a single specimen of these envelopes or stamps have come to the hands of collectors. It is probable that all or nearly all were destroyed, but specimens may yet turn up, and the fortunate discoverer would realize a handsome sum for an authenticated specimen.

The United States has about 70,000 postoffices, Germany 30,000, Great Britain 20,000, France 8,000, Austria-Hungary 10,000 and Russia 7,500. All these countries except the United States make a profit from their postal department, Great Britain having \$17,000,000 excess of receipts over expenditures. The telegraph lines, however, are operated by the postoffice department in most other countries, which swells the receipts.

A letter recently passed through the New York Postoffice, the postage on which was paid by a very curious stamp; it was the head of an Indian, with numerals in corner, drawn crudely with a pen on the upper right corner of the envelope. This was the only stamp on the letter, and it received the proper postmarks.

Blue Jay, Wausau, Wis.—The coin you describe is one of the many rebellion tokens, which were made by various firms during the war, and passed current for cents. They are very interesting and many of them are quite scarce, but they are not very saleable, as there are few who collect them.

According to a letter from the postmaster of Sierra Leone the 1 shilling green stamp with black surcharge 5 shillings, was issued for postal use in May, 1894. About 2,000 of these stamps were surcharged but only a few were issued to the public.

On a letter from Tonga mailed in 1896 a part of the postage was paid by a 1-2 penny stamp made by writing "1-2 penny" on a piece of paper from the margin of a sheet of stamps. It was duly postmarked and passed several postoffices.

The price paid for postal cards under the new contract which goes into effect December 1, is 20 cents per 1,000 for the small size, 23.95 cents per 1,000 for the large size, and 47 cents per 1,000 for the double or reply cards.

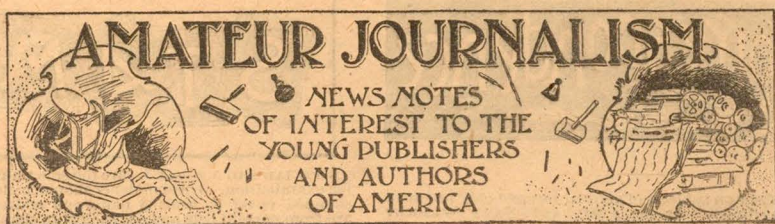
The janitor of a school in Kansas City, with a taste for decorating furniture got the school children interested in collecting stamps for him. He put 10,000 on one bed, and is now at work on the rest of the furniture.

In some of the larger German postoffices cancellation dies are made in the shape of hammers. They are said to facilitate the work and not to tire the officials so soon.

A new set of stamps is to be issued in Hungary, the values of which will be "coronas" and "fillers" to correspond with the new currency.

The colors of the Uruguay 1, 2 and 5-centesimo stamps have been changed and are now blue, violet and green, respectively.

Austria is to issue a new series of stamps with the values in crowns and hellers instead of kreuzers and gulden as at present.



Striking a Keynote.

It is becoming more and more apparent that amateur journalism in these United States is not receiving the widespread attention its importance deserves. That it is of inestimable importance cannot be gainsaid. This is the age of newspapers. At no time in the world's history has the press held such weight in affairs politic as to-day. The power of the press is increasing hour by hour, and that its power is for the public good cannot be denied. Crime, public and private, evil doing in public offices and in the home, can no longer be carried on with impunity. To-day the best detective force is the corps of newspaper reporters. The dissemination of knowledge is conceded to be the most rational method of increasing the civilization, prosperity and safety of a country. This is proved by a comparison of the different states of the world. And in no better way can knowledge be disseminated than by and through the public press. The above facts are patent to all. Now to strike the keynote. As the apprentice system is the foundation of all trades and professions, as kindergarten teaching is the necessary forerunner to learning in the higher branches, amateur journalism is the rational and necessary first step to the profession of adult newspaper work! This conclusion is logical and undoubted. And for that reason do we say that too much importance cannot be given the subject of amateur journalism. The number of papers now being published in this country, their high character and literary merit speaks well for the ambition and perseverance of amateur authors and publishers. They should be encouraged. It is not asking too much to request the great professional papers to give them at least moral support. Since this department was commenced in Army and Navy the editor has received amateur papers which, in imprint, finish and literary work, would put to shame many periodicals wearing the cloak of the professional press. Yet these amateur papers are compelled to struggle along under a tinted subscription list, and to depend solely upon the handicapped efforts of their courageous originators. It is time for a change.

The Editor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The September number of "Bits and Chips" is fully up to the standard early set by this clever publication. The current issue contains a fine half-tone portrait of R. Gerald Ballard, Secretary N. F. A. A., departments conducted by George A. Alderman, and others, and a detailed account of the recent U. A. P. A. at Philadelphia. The latter article is very comprehensive in its treatment and reflects great credit on the editor and his staff.

A copy of the first issue of an amateur humorous periodical entitled "Hot-Stuff" has been received. The staff of editors include such well-known names in the 'dom as Wm. H. Greenfield, Ray N. Cary and Wm. Holmes. Their ambitious effort deserves success.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1897.

Gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to say a few words in praise of your excellent publication, "The Army and Navy Weekly," and I cheerfully commend it to the young people, as a paper devoted exclusively to and for their interests. The stories contained therein abound in thrilling situations and exciting episodes, and are sure to appeal to all tastes.

Wishing the paper every success, I am fraternally yours,

H. Edwin Gadney,
Associate Editor the "Club Journal."

"The Storyette" for September appears in a tinted cover, and contains an unusually fine budget of illustrated stories. The first chapters, written and illustrated by the editor, Don C. Wilson, and entitled "Darrel Venture; or, A Boy of Push and Pluck," is given. The number also contains another instalment of R. R. Caruthers' serial "After Precious Metal," sketches by William H. Greenfield and Frank L. Campbell, and the usual interesting departments. A new serial by Frederic Miller, Jr., a popular amateur author, is announced for the October number.

"Fact and Fancies," an amateur paper of Brooklyn, N. Y., has appeared for August. The staff consists of James Wilkinson, editor, and J. Fred Crosson (President U. A. P. A.), associate editor. The leading article is "The Turko-Grecian War," by F. Arthur Atkinson. It is ably written and shows deep thought. The various departments contain much of interest to amateurs. "Fact and Fancies" is an ambitious member of the 'dom.

The prize contest recently conducted in this department is now concluded. The letters submitted will be carefully examined by competent judges and the result announced as speedily as possible. In No. 23, Army and Navy, will be commenced an amateur author's contest in which cash prizes will be offered for the best short stories written by amateur authors. Full details will be given next week.

COPY HOOK.

"It pays to be persevering" is a motto every young writer should keep constantly in mind. Frank N. Doubleday, the president of the Doubleday-McClure book publishing firm, is a bright and shining example of its value. He began his career with the Scribner's when he was a lad, and rose through every department of that famous house.

"Begin your story in your first sentence" is good advice for every writer. The writer who invariably follows it will never find himself in the sad plight of the poet who moans:

"I tried to write a quatrain grand,
A great thought to confound;
But when I got down to the thought,
I'd used up every line."

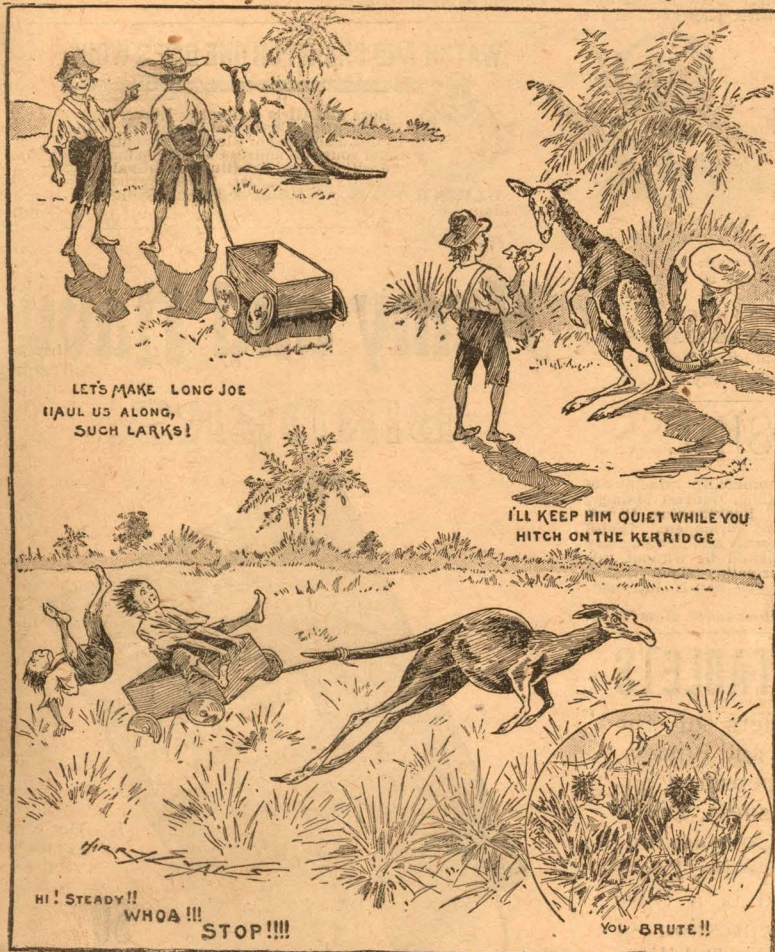
The young man anxious to get on in practical newspaper work studies men, places, newspapers. He dives into making acquaintances, if he is wise, pushing, perhaps, even for those which do not come easily, schooling himself by attention and effort of memory to retain them when once secured. With every acquaintance he has a fresh source of news, a fresh ally in some future time—maybe a time of urgency. This man he may meet in twenty-four hours, possibly not for twenty-four months, but if he has put himself on a straightforward and gentlemanly footing, when he makes the sight draft for information it is promptly honored. Particularly is this the case in dealing with public men. They have learned, by long experience, to trust frankly and freely, and the high standard of discretion and good faith among working news-gatherers (broken in the rarest instances, and the offenders punished with bitter contempt in the ranks when broken) leads them to extend their confidence continually further.



OUR JOKE DEPARTMENT.



The Ride That Failed: A Drama in Four Acts.



Ingenuous.

He was a charming little fellow of four, pretty in his ways, good to look at, but as naughty as could be. He sat on the bottom step, kicking his fat little legs, and refusing utterly to obey his father, who had told him to go upstairs, several times, in increasing degrees of severity.

After a few minutes of this clashing of wills is exasperated parent picked him up somewhat suddenly, carried him, sat him down very firmly on a chair in his room, and then went out and shut the door.

Silence reigned. Not a sound from him for at least half an hour. Then the door was opened, and a sweet little voice called out:

"Father, have you got over your tantrum yet, for I should like to come down."

First Boy—"Where yer bin, Billy?"

Second Boy—"Bin fishin'."

First Boy—"Ketch anythin'?" with an anxious expression on his face.

Far-seeing Second Boy—"No, but I expect ter when I git in the house."

Outdoing the Irish.

A German newspaper gives a few samples of German bulls, which are quite as amusing as those perpetrated by the Irish, who have been heretofore supposed to have a monopoly in the business:

"Among the immigrants was an old blind woman, who came once more before she died to see her only son."

"After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room and with her own hand extinguished the taper."

"Both doctors were unable to restore the deceased once more to life and health."

"The ladies' benefit association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear."

"Your son, madam, persists in doing nothing," said the teacher.

"Then," replied the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him a prize for perseverance."

Small Boy (to grocer)—"If you please, Mr. Welby, my mother wants to know if you will give her an almanac?"

Grocer (leaning over the counter)—"But, my little man, your mother does not get her groceries here."

Small boy—"No, Mr. Welby, but we often borrow your wheelbarrow."

Master—"Thomas, you may point out to the class a spot upon your map as yet unexplored and unexplained, and of which the world at large as yet is in utter ignorance."

Pupil—"Yes, sir. This ink spot."

Not the Only Ones.

Every schoolboy who studies Latin learns the old motto, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" (Sweet and honorable it is to die for one's country). The Prussian cavalry officer of whom the following story is told did not intend to be cheated out of a share of the glory of such a death.

It was after the battle of Gravelotte, the fiercest fight of the Franco-German War of 1870. The cavalry officer, badly wounded himself, was greatly annoyed by the cries of some wounded soldiers lying near him.

At last, being unable to control himself longer, he testily called out:

"Stop your howling over there! Do you think you're the only ones killed in this fight?"

Mrs. Barnshot (relating experiences in India)—"And I was there alone in the bungalow, and the tiger was wandering round, endeavoring to make his way in."

Mrs. Robinson—"And weren't you afraid?"

Mrs. Barnshot—"Oh no! Captain Barnshot had told me that it was a man-eating tiger, so of course, I was not in the least alarmed."

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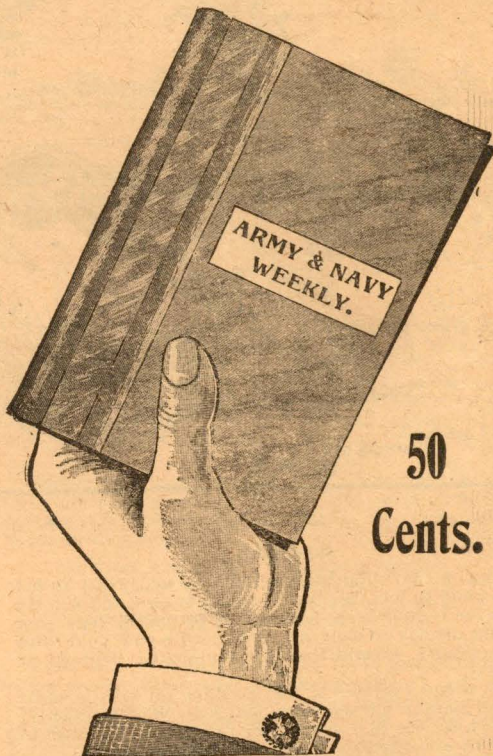
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